

Dear Me, Here I sit, alone,
always alone, waiting for my
thoughts to collect. Waiting for
them to come. The events that have
taken place in my life this year are
astounding and somewhat phenomenal.
In fact they even amazed me. I have
learned that I am a very ~~soft~~
amorphous person, and my limits
are practically endless. ~~That's~~
being the case, my life is in a state
of confusion due to my limitless
boundaries. I've fuck up job, friend-
ships, family relations, all those things
we hold sacred. It seems to me, that
the more I try to make things go right
for me, the more I screw them up.
Right now I'm trying to keep my mind on
finishing this letter, but I keep stopping
and starting again and again. I have
a very ragged tooth in the back of my
mouth that is giving my tongue hell. That's
a distraction amid other things.

5/30/85 9:18

Here I sit on a muggy night
in late May, taking a mental perspective
on my life. The events that have
taken place. ~~There's~~ far the things that
are happening now, and those that are
about to occur. (The past, present, and
future.) The one thing that was the
best of some welcome pain the other
right comes to mind especially.
The one thing that I haven't had

with a lot lately at all, or at any time
in my life really. That there being none
other than **Rejection**. A very handsome
young Black man (Antonio Ellis) - (Henry's
brother - a home boy) did me in Royally. I wanted
him so badly & was so blind to see he
didn't want me, but instead was being
friendly to me because of his nature. Oh
but was I a fool, the thing I said. For?
The thing I said. Listening to the words of so
called friends can really get your feelings
hurt. The thing I did. No need crying over
it, but I did. **Rejection** was something I knew
I couldn't handle, and I was right. The tears
came so violently, the hurt so deep. Now
there was the embarrassment. Well it's over
now. I can only hope that the next time this
happens I'll be better prepared to deal with
it than I was the last time.

The present, which is now, is
something scary. Yesterday I found out the
while I was asleep a very sketchy incident
occurred in my little place. The patient
got me drunk, a coors beer, the summer
heat and overide of dust and ~~heat~~ a
weakness of the flesh overcame Charles and
he had Anthony. I was not a eyewitness
but from what I know of the fire and from
what Charles told me, he practically raped
Anthony. She found it hard to struggle and
gave in to the feeling. Mrs. Charles has
successfully succeeded in having everybody
that is close to me - almost. The girl thinks she
needs a psychiatrist and so do I. She is
so weak of the flesh till it scares the
hell out of me. I'll admit that I'm as
horrid as anyone else but I do have my

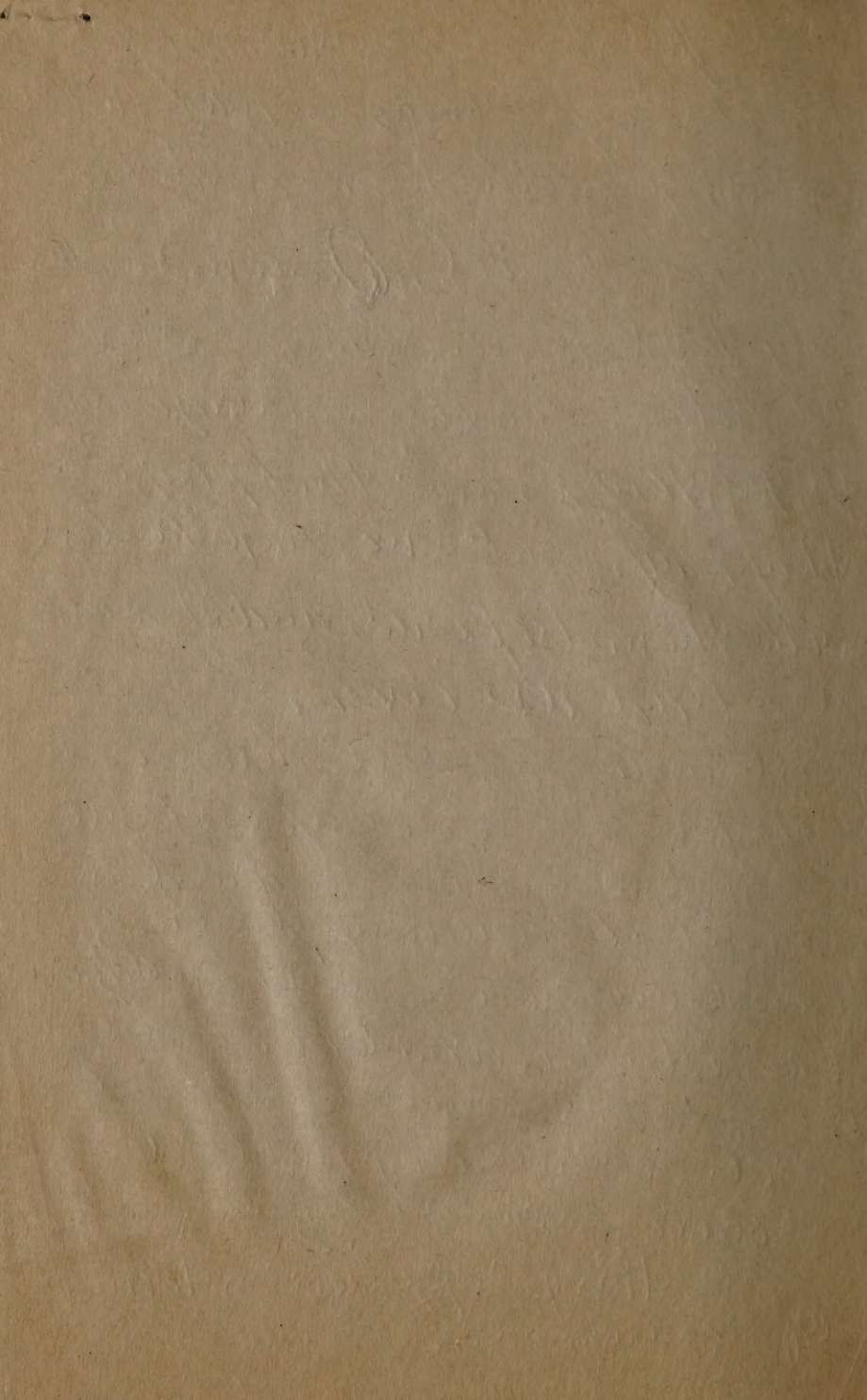
my morals and scruples. I really
feel sorry for her, because I really
do believe that she is distressed. Not
only because of the accident but
because of previous ones as well.
Consumption of the flesh seems to be
her inevitable fate.

10/9/85

Dear Meg, Well I'm back

I'm adjusted, now all I need
to do is get employed, which
is something I'm taking care of
now. In the short time I've
been back I've discovered
who will & be running
with and who will be valuable
as friends and adversaries
in my little endeavor back
home. None of the so called
'sisters' will be either. Albany
queens are not upwardly
mobile enough for me. In
relationships or employment.
Those that are, are not
visible to me. Maybe my
standards are too high or

or maybe I'm a prob. Be that
as it may I choose not to be
bothered with them and the
hell if I will. Queens and this
City tend to be vicious ~~to~~
as hell do to the shortage of
guys they know that players
they say. But I've had to deal
with them before, and I still
as bad as ever. I must
cultivate my self defense
enough that I'm comfortable
in any situation, around a
crowd of screaming queens,
loud niggers, silly college
co-eds or whatever. One
thing to remember is that we
are ~~pt~~ human, none no
greater or any less. The
same things apply in terms
of manhood. This I think,
when I achieve it will be a



valuable asset lie acquired. For
so long gaps have been receding
themselves, well time out for that
shit. Fuck that! You can only
be yourself and people who can't
accept you say that, aren't
really worth knowing, ^{you} are they?
I sometimes surprise myself
with how honest I can be
when approached in the right
way.



10/1/85

Dear Meg, Today i or will
be going into my 2nd weekend
back at home. I realize all
the adjustments I'll have to make
to be comfortable here. I won't
have to do anything that will
compromise my beliefs or
moral standards. Although
I will have to slow down
a little bit, but I need to no
matter where I was to be, here,
or in Atlanta. I ~~used~~ knew
that moving here would mean
just that, but I'm welcoming
the change, it's a much needed
one. When I think of all the
70mph curves I keep doing 120mph
I cringe. When I think of all

The nights my deepest fears and
loves were revealed to me, when
I least expected or wanted to see
them. The sleepless nights, and days
I could hardly stay awake. All
the time that I should have been on
top of everything that was going
on with the guys I was involved
with and I wasn't, which led to
me getting hurt. Hurt both
physically and mentally.

10/17/85
Caught up in a game I
don't understand. Still clinging
to habits I want to leave.
Learning so much about this
melodrama called life, so
much my head spun - interpreted
from wisdom? Asking all the
time - Why - What - when
will it all end. Will my
ship ever come in? Sometime
when I look out over the
harbor and I see the fog
roll up and back again
as the ships come in, there
in my lovely port, ~~my~~
I ask myself what in the
hell is wrong with me. Why
won't the fog let my ship
see the light from my eyes
pierce the clouds of billowing
Smoke!

10/7/85
I can hear you calling
in the night and I'm dying
Oh Lord

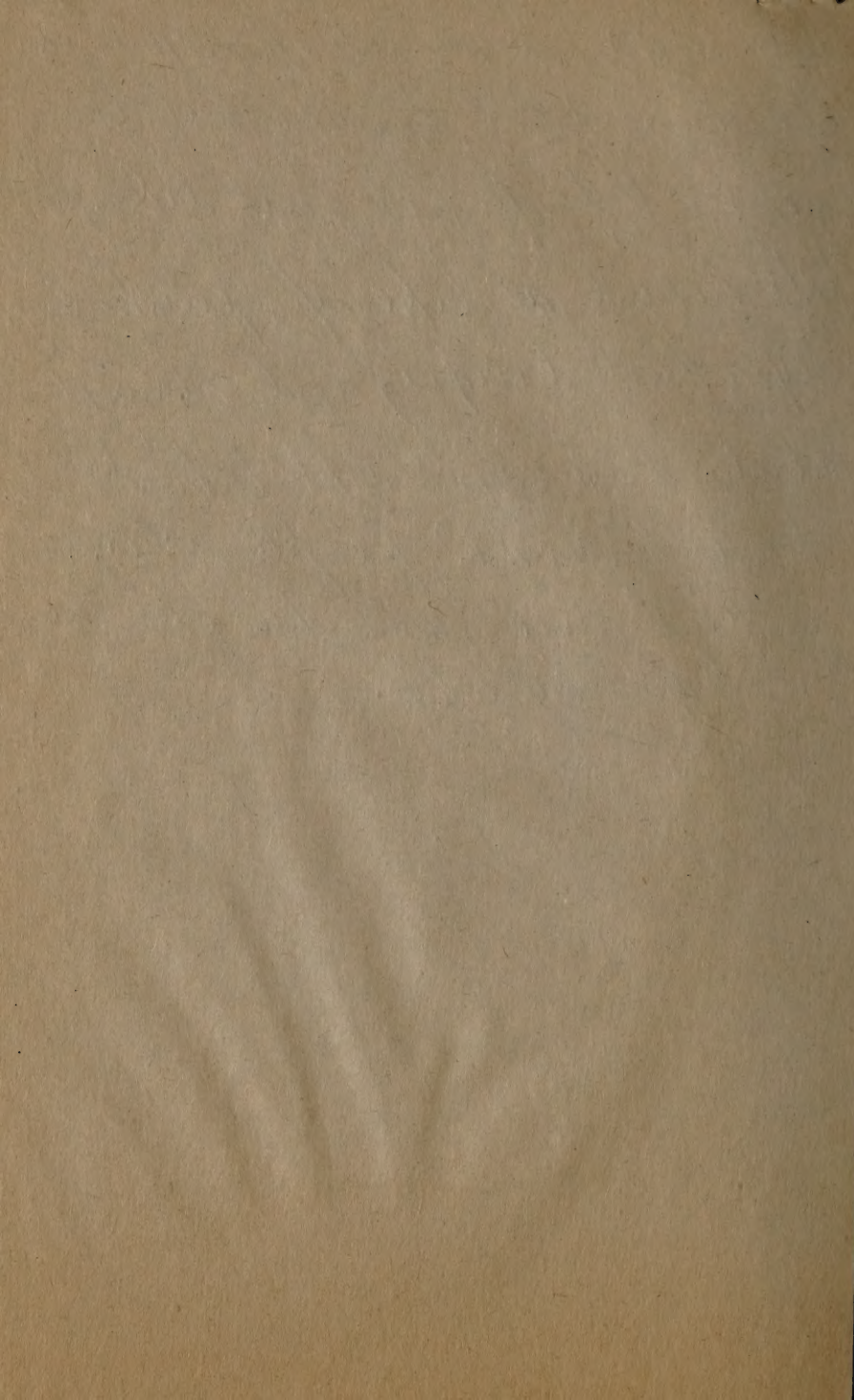
And I remember when you
touched my face that night
and I'm dying

Oh Lord

Living so hard to be strong
fearing always, the chance of
being wrong

Giving my all, asking for
more

It took so much for me to
leave. I don't know what it
took a lot of, it just did. I
left behind a life of quick (easy)
sex, fast drugs, and almost
total anonymity. I left behind
true friends, people whom I
feel I will remember for the
rest of my life.



Dear Meg,

9/13/85

I can hold out no longer! The hurt, the feeling of betrayal, the feeling of helplessness of being used are all too great. Too great for me to pretend they don't exist. I can't ~~o~~ vanish them from my memory or pretend they ~~do~~ will go away. I arrived back to my "Paris" to discover I had be quillontered during my absence. My head had rolled through the house and landed where I still was manifesting myself. In the living on the couch, in the chair and the Tel. In the bedroom, the bathroom and the kitchen. I had sensed when I first stepped into this little abode something was amiss, just what I didn't know, not right away. What was amiss was me, I was out of sight, thus out of mind. What had transpired since I had been absent. The two lives I had been so much apart of I was no longer. The times we tripped on acid at wild parties together, the secrets we shared, the affectionate we gave to each other when there were no other ~~you~~ ~~me~~ ~~me~~ were there, but I realized I've world from

now on would be just that. Things would never again be the same.

My first and thus true roommate, had become involved with someone who ~~had been~~ was very close to me. Should I have been surprised? Since the day we met I could sense there we were so much alike like yet so different. We have some of the same dreams but we go about accomplishing in such different ways. His halo sometimes glows as red as the fires of hell in his action match. So why was I surprised to find out what had transpired. This was only the 3rd or 4th time he had done this. He invited me to play ball on his field, with his equipment. I accepted. I agreed to play but his rules and in turn was sucked in and began to act as he did and eventually I played as well did then. I had nearly mastered his game when my inner force (which I pray is good) called me down and took me back.

The second is but a child at heart. Still in the pursuit of such a trivial

thing as flesh. Looking always for the
biggest, longest or fattest of members
to fill her womb. Oh but what a beautiful
black nymph he is, still trying to mimic
the women of his dreams. She being
easily led ~~and~~ succumbed to the plot
of older, wiler one. They successfully
pushed me out in the cold.

December
Sunday 29/12

Dear Me,

Well, Christmas has come and gone and we are about to embark upon a New Year. I thought it best to sit down & collect my thoughts on this year as a whole.

This year brought so many changes to me; it clearly makes the statement that there is nothing constant but change a fact. I started the year off almost totally on my own. In my own apartment experiencing life a new way. Independent and alone. Under the circumstances I think I managed O.K. - This year taught me so much about me and my value system. Where my priorities lie and what my limits are. My priorities change from day to day because on certain days, certain things take priority over other things that may have meant more last week than today. That being because I'm basically a mentally unstable / aware person. As far as my limits, I'm not sure I have any, but I'm working on that.

sometime I'm even surprised to what limits I will go. I'm truly an individual and I place a lot of weight in staying that way. Once you lose your individuality you've lost the one thing that separates you from the other billion of people on the earth.

This year, due to certain physical and mental developments and losses I was able to learn to like me. To realize that I can compete with anyone. Believing in yourself and realizing your potential is half the enjoyment of life. The other is being able to deal with others and share with them. Learning from each other, giving and taking, dealing with this thing called life.

As I live from day to day I am still in awe of the things I discover about people, and me, and I feel as long as I have the appetite for knowledge I will continue to grow and become wiser. Thus one day I will be able to make a

Contribution to this great land we live in. One that is filled with facts, something that will be here forever as men want it to be. Not a child; for as I can see it, I could not take responsibility for the upbringing of one, but something just as much a part of me.

This year marked the first time I had ever spent a prolonged time in a hospital. Given my sexual profligacy and the nature of my illness, this was not the year to be in either. It was quite a traumatic experience, but I learned from that, that what will happen will happen. Sometimes our Lord has a way of telling us to slow down. It is up to us to heed his warnings.

Overall this year has been one of growth through experience. The things that we taught me are valuable and I hope I can remember them without making the same mistakes in "86".

Love, Carl

Kenny came over Sunday. I had been anticipating his arrival. Even though he hadn't mentioned anything about coming over to me. Just one of my premonitions. I felt it coming in the air. Almost as if though our bodies yearned for each other at just about the same time. As if our very souls released screams of passion telling each other the time is right. And as usual he came and he sat and he said virtually nothing. The air was so thick with "want" and "desire", but no response. Such a pity. I think it's a sin to do what we did. Sitting there, neither of us with enough courage to ~~say~~ confess. I am more disappointed in myself than anything. What would it have cost me to part my lips and say unto him "can you feel my heart beat" "take me, Love me, hold me" "Be with me". "Just for a little while." "Until my body yearns for you once more." Instead we say nothing and he left promising to return or call. But the way he said

10/28/85

Dear Mom,

I usually don't write any of my letters in pencil, but it's exactly the way I'm feeling today - not permanent, elementary even. My reasoning for writing in pencil is thus justified.

Sunday was an extremely emotional day for me. I woke up that morning with hangover only to find out I would be babysitting - alone. There was rain and city. So I had to let my emotions match the weather to be able to be sane. Had I been happier and rainier to be out and active I would be in an institution today.

Before the day was out I had to do something that I haven't done since I returned home. I had to call my "Lavender Mather" to talk. We talked and discussed me and my life and she had her input which always helps me out so much. I felt so much better afterwards, it was just that I needed to get it off my chest. And it helped, God it helped. I truly thank the Lord for blessing me with good friends.

10/28/85

Dear Kenny,

It seems that everytime we're together we can never say what's truly on our minds. You, because you have to be the one in who is, and me because I fear the madness called "Love". I realize ~~the~~ now that if I don't speak up and say something that you will not either. And we may never get a chance to hear some of the most beautiful music in the world. The sound of two male bodies, ~~at~~ hot with lust, locked in sexual combat. Those screams of passion, moans of delight, or sighs of ecstasy. I don't know about you, but I don't want to miss ~~a~~ hearing that music. If only you knew of the times I have wished to repeat that first night we lay together. We both gave ~~a~~ each other what we desired. One giving no more than the other. We did so with so much passion it took our high up higher and higher. Almost to the point that I felt we might devour each other. I'm only asking ~~a~~ you

it was telling me something else. He was saying I really want to be with you but I don't have the courage to say so. "I'll try again later." I was nervous as hell waiting for his return. I could never sit still for very long and when I got close to eight o'clock ~~so~~ I went into the living room and was waiting for him when he finally arrived. I opened the door before he had a chance to knock. He sat down a little bit relieved as if he knew what was coming next. After a few unnecessary minutes of silence I asked if he were going back to his place, he said yes. There was silence. "Can I go back with you," I asked. "Are you ready now," he responded quickly. Let me put on some jeans. See we went, we got high, I took a shower and put on some more and was ready when we were interrupted. This is what really pissed me off. The motherfucker did not have enough sense to send the bitch away. I came home - hurt, betrayed and with the feel of his flesh on mine. Sam was all I could pay.

10/28/85

to come lay with me. I will not beg,
only ask. The rest is totally up to you.
Lightly Yours
Carl

One Fierce Black Brother
One Fierce Red Brother
Give to me your Blackness
Give to me your Redness

Sitting, writing, hoping and praying
Caught up in this madness called
Love.

Now when I look in the mirror
I don't have to force myself to find
something that looks good about me.
The person that I see staring back
is beautiful, and I have faith
in him.

10/31/85

Dear Me, Halloween night
and I'm here in pain with some
kind of ailment. No doubt due
to my refusing to go out unless
I'm fucked up. Boy can I be an
asshole when I want to. Knowing
that the more alcohol I take in
the longer it will take me to get
well, but still I continue to do
the same old thing and I always
end up sick as a dog. I guess
I'm going to commit suicide.
And at the rate I'm going I
might just succeed. The pain
isn't so intense that I have to lie still,
and it hasn't made me cry. But
it's that kind of pain that just
nags and nags, it's so fucking
irritating. The only thing for me
to do is keep busy and try to ignore
it.

Ware. (Garrien Testawrs) is
nowhere stationed here in someone
new in my social clique now. James
and I meet him last weekend and he
and James became somewhat

10/27/85

Dear Mary, Today is Sunday -

and like most Sundays I'm hanging out and from hanging out. This Sunday is just a wee bit different. It started to rain just a little while ago and it's gloomy and damp. The weather is in perfect harmony with my mood today. One could say that is sad, but it's me. I have learned in my endeavors in life to appreciate and welcome my gloomy moods. They make me want to live for the good times I'm going to have. Whenever I feel down, I go with the feeling instead of against it. I listen to music that is mellow and meaningful. Songs that tell of giving and never getting your just reward, songs of love and all its madness. I read books along the same lines. I do this because I usually don't let things in this thing called life get me down. But when something does, it's usually serious. It reminds me that I too, am only human.

U
I see myself getting further and further away from my realm of reality. Each day I find it a little harder to get into me. If I lose myself I will have no one else. And the sad part of the whole thing is I really realize that and I'm scared. Oh sure I have some damn good friends, people who will listen to me and help me in any way they possibly can. But they don't know me. They don't know the horrors my mind can create, nor the beauty I can realize. They can't comfort me when my soul torments me or my mind is straining to decipher the things I'm doing to my body. Only I can comfort me during these times, try as they may, but I can't afford to lose me. There are things that I have done and said they I have never told to anyone. Simply for the fact that I amazed myself doing them so how could I expect anyone else to believe me if I don't. Love Carl

Dear Me, 1/23/86
Well this year the
nation celebrated the birthday
of a great Black man as a
National Holiday. The man being
Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. A
first, long awaited and anticip-
ated. The mood it brought was
a very comfortable one. I was
really at peace with myself,
really in a mood of learning, of
growing knowledge. I was also
thankful, thankful that our Lord
thought enough of man to send
down a blessing in Martin, for
his oppressed people. There is yet
hope for us all.

I got a chance to get
away for awhile the 9-12 and I
took it. I went to Atlanta for the
weekend and it did me so much
good. All I needed was a rest.
It opened doors in my life all
over again. The temptation was
very great to stay, but I came back.
The reason, I realize how easy
it is to ponder life away

running from job to job telling
yourself the next one will be better.
Soon you fall into a rut, undereducated
and unappreciated. This gets you down
dunn where fast. At least I know
if I stay here the ignorance of most
the people will make me more motivated.
Enough so that I will return,
better equipped to deal with life
than before. I have something I want
and need to do with my life and
by ~~god~~ Dad, I will get it done.
I'm slowly learn very valuable things
about myself. Things I've always known
but never really realized. It helps
to meet them head on face up to them
and go on. I have made the best friends
in life I could ever dream of
having, and I can ~~take~~ take so running
alone. I must not master the art of
pausing what's on my mind 90% of
the time of when I open my mouth
or shut up. The other 10% is left
for observation. There were people
I met last year and have strained
relationships this year, of course
you know me I ~~was~~ really

would like to patch things up
and go on being ~~as~~ ~~good~~ as close
to genuine friends as possible.
Unfortunately I think that it will
be almost virtually impossible. Oh
sure we will be civil and cordial,
but it will never be ~~that~~ there
again even if it was ever there
to begin with. So it will be up
to me to respond to people in an
adult way.

You will never know the chill
that quickly deters my soul.
Reaching out to you, hiding nothing,
giving all, vulnerable to Love.
Did the fascination go away or did
you lie, if so why?
I was always honest and open.
Forcing you to lie and hide.
As good as to be expected from
anything less than a man.

Love Carl

I will await
Touch me only if you feel the need
It has been so very Long
The clock has no memory for those such as
~~I have thought as before~~
I have dreamed it true this way
To be continued

1/13/86

Dear Me,

So deeply involved in my emotions, my beliefs and convictions. What does it mean? Am I someday to pay something, or am I another with a hungry eye? Some day, and it is drawing near, I feel it is no longer as far off as I would like to think, I will know. Forever am I hoping I will be able to deal with the truth.

Dear Me,

1/15/86

Sometimes; not always, for always means never changing, and most are constantly in transition; I sit, I watch, I think, I wonder and realize what a masterpiece our creator has accomplished with this thing called Life. And it amazes, no, even astounds me. I know if I were to read over my writings in the last year or so I would find that this statement is repetition. That doesn't bother me, because I know as long as it does, I will have an appetite for knowledge. And I will continue learn

Through experience and observation.
I will become wiser and stronger.
The strength more mental than
physical; almost balanced. A
strong mind can carry a weak
body further than a strong body a
weak mind.

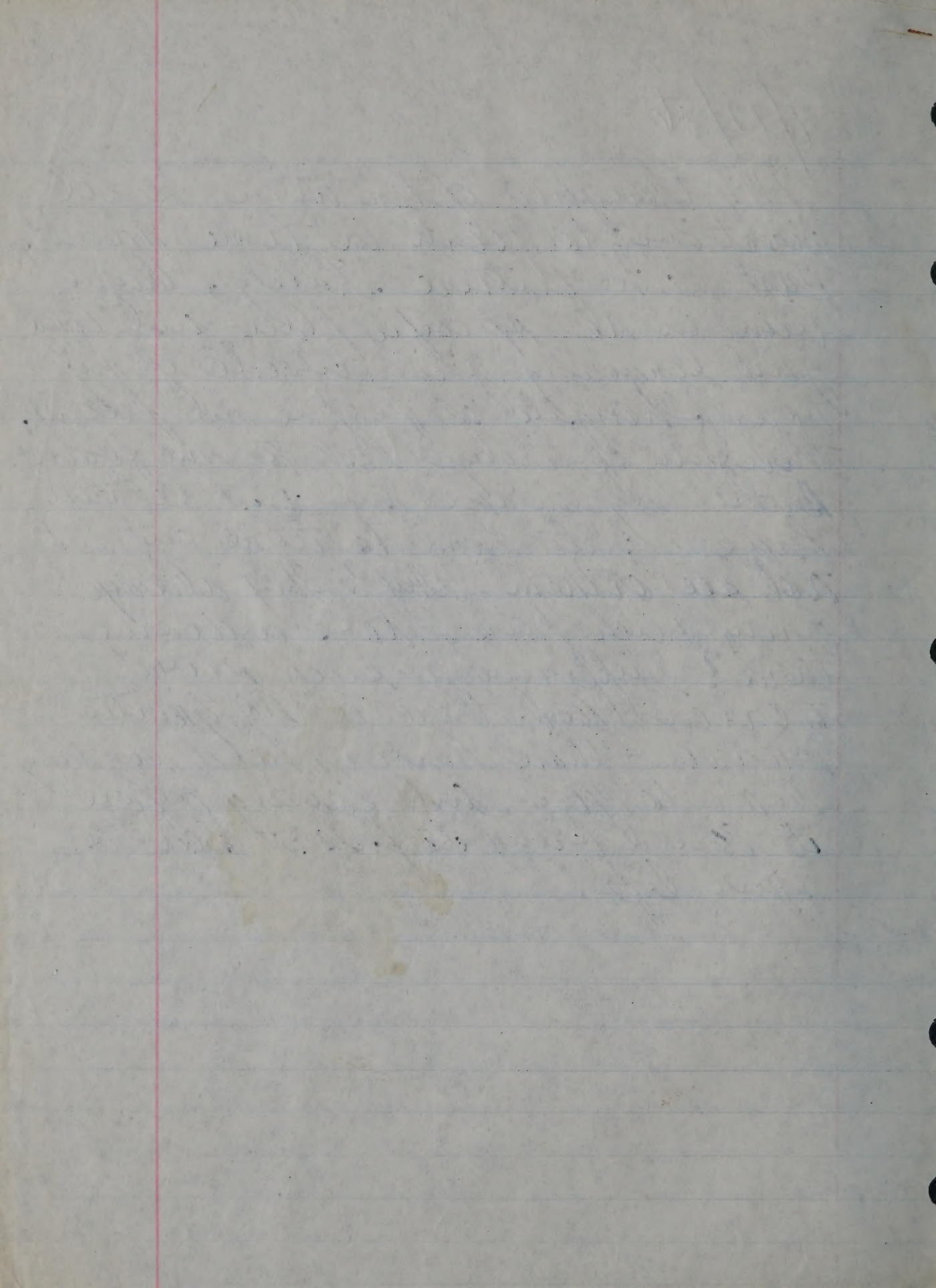
I think about the events
to date in my life. Some of the things
I've done I deeply regret, but they
can't be done over, I learned from
them and pray I don't make the
same mistake twice. Some of
the things I've done and are
proud of, I enjoy the moment
of glory and cherish it, keeping
it in hopes of reliving it again.
I think of my family, the love
that is there but ~~never~~^{hardly ever} expressed.
The little things that let me
know it's there. Sometimes I try
and think about things that are
trivial, where I'm going to go &
amount of dollars to get drunk
with. Sometimes I, I just
Sometimes Love Can

1/19/86

Dear Ma,
Lately I've been feeling lost, like I have no place anymore. Sort of out of place and time. Not really a depression just a dilemma to which I don't have to be in. I'm going through a process called maturing. Everyday I learn more and more about life and people and their interactions. I will never stop learning until life is no more with me, but the things I accomplish and learn in the next 25 years will make or break me. It feels so very good to know this. One thing I have come to grips with is that most people you meet are of one common interest - self - in basically human nature. But we must all strive to learn to be ~~more~~ concerned with others more so than ourselves.

7/12/86

My thoughts often turn in all directions, to points in time present, past, and future. Lately, they've been in no specific place and time just lingering just outside of my body. Thoughts of people and places, thoughts of things lost to me forever. But I lay awake and just let them happen; its hard to tune out and not see or them. Why? They always bring such pain, do I welcome them? Suffering is such sweet sorrow. And there is no greater sorrow than having held something dear to you, and losing before it could bring its fullest glow to your life.



9/8/87

Dear M;

This weekend I went to Atlanta Georgia to visit my brother Freddie. My brother Freddie is gay and so I am. I arrived there at about 12:45 because my bus was 1:10 minutes late. The trip down there was very nice, except for all the little stops we made. When I finally arrived there my brother and a friend of ours was there to get me (Greg Adams - ^{husband} Isadora). From the railway bus station we went next door to the ~~Gayhouse~~ where I ate at the Burger King there. Then we locked my ~~luggage~~ ^{luggage} up and we went straight out to a club for some action. The club we went to was called On Peachtree. It's ^{you} the first gay club I had ever gone to. It was very intriguing, and so much damn fun. At first I was scared to dance, until I got out there for a while, then I got loose. The reason I felt strange was because, men were dancing with men throughout the whole club, and only one or two women were there at all. That doesn't go on in Albany you know. I got really

(4)

relaxed and ~~for~~ Freddy introduced me
to some of his friends. This one guy that
works with Freddy named Ty or Art,
started coming on to me, at first good
nully then heavily. When we were dancing
he began to brush his hand over my body,
~~over~~ my genital, until I stopped dancing
with him. Besides he's a Chicken Queen,
and a very kinky one at that. That night
after the club closed I met some more
people - Willie Lindsey, Jay Williams,
Charles Pitts, and a few others whom
I don't remember by name. We stayed around
till about 4:30 and I saw some very,
very nice looking guys, that really made
my fleshcrawl. That night was alright,
then we walked back to the bus station
got my stuff and caught the Mart Bus
and Train home. We slept late into the
day. Then that ~~of~~ morning I met Bernard
Freddy's roommate. He ~~was~~ very nice,
intelligent and I liked him a whole lot.
The next day was Saturday. We
stayed in the house more than half ^{the}
day. Bernard was called to work, so he
had to leave for work. At about 2:00

Charles Gilford and his lover came over. They had just arrived early that morning, and were staying at the Heart of Alcatraz Hotel. Charles' lovers name is also Charles and his last name is Jenkins. He is an older, but nice guy (41). He also in service, and has been for quite some years. He used to live in Columbus and ~~he already knew~~ ^{he already knew} Bernard and Willie. They took Fuddie, Greg and I over to the grocery store (a Winn Dixie). There we saw quite a few of nice looking guys. Then we left and went home to wait for Charles and Charles to come back from the mall. Charles brought Charles some Sergio Valente jeans and a short sleeve sweater to match the ones he bought himself. When they got back to the house they brought some Chamble and Matt liquors. Call 43. We talked for a while, then decided we wanted to go out again, so Charles and Charles left to go and do something. Later that night Bernard called and said he had to work until 11:00 and then decided he gave the hotel to meet Charles there so they could bring him home and he could get ready to go out.

(6)

with us. Charles and C. G. had been arguing about something. They soon got over this and we all went out. Except Greg who got left because he went home to change clothes and didn't have any way of getting to the apartment from home, so he decided he'd meet us there. We got to the club and Willie was outside, he gave Charles and ^{Bernard} Willie a hug and a ~~big~~ ^{big} smile. That night we found a booth and sat in and chatted for a while. I met two guys named Ken, both ex-lovers of ~~some~~ Freddie's. One was like skinned and very attractive, but Bernard told me he was a bunx on a leg. The other was dark skinned, short, 35, and boring. The first Ken was rather shy though, so he was a living doll. Then Jay came over to the table and asked me if I wanted to dance, I said yes. We went out on the dance floor and started to dance, and that's when it dawned on me. Girl! Jay is so fine and cute. He had on some old faded blue jeans and a igod like shirt, a gold ~~feet~~ ^{feet} on the left or right side of his mouth, and his hair was curled back slicky. Bernard

me weak in the knees. Ohhhh well he
was so very fine. That night I danced
with him, Freddie, Bernard, and
then we decided to try and get in Numbers.
On Leachtree was much fun to me, it did
me be me. It was wild but not scary,
it was an exhilarating experience. We rode
over to Numbers from there. Numbers
is where all or the majority of the white
guys hang out and most of the drag queens
~~there weren't in~~ We weren't able to
get in, so we went home. Greg spent
the night with us again that night.
Sunday morning we got up a little ear-
lier than usual. We didn't do much of
anything that day except go to the mall
and the grocery store. We talked a
lot and we waiting for guest to come
over. They never showed up so I was
disgusted. Bernard cooked us a wonderful
meal of smash potatoes, gravy,
hamburger patties and french style green
beans. Monday we got up at about 11:30
I cooked breakfast for three, and
we talked and listened to some music
for awhile, then ~~for~~ Bernard and I got

(6)

Dressed for the movie. We went to see "For Your Eyes Only". James Bond (Roger Moore) was so damn sexy in the movie. After the movie over we went to ~~the~~ walk around in the Mall for a while. Then to the grocery store. Both places I saw some really fine guys. Then we came home to discover that Freddy had gone to the Bus Station to get Aubrey. So we started the Charcoal to burning on the grill and I ~~the~~ cooked Hamburgers and hot dogs. By the time I had started cooking good Aubrey and Freddie got there.

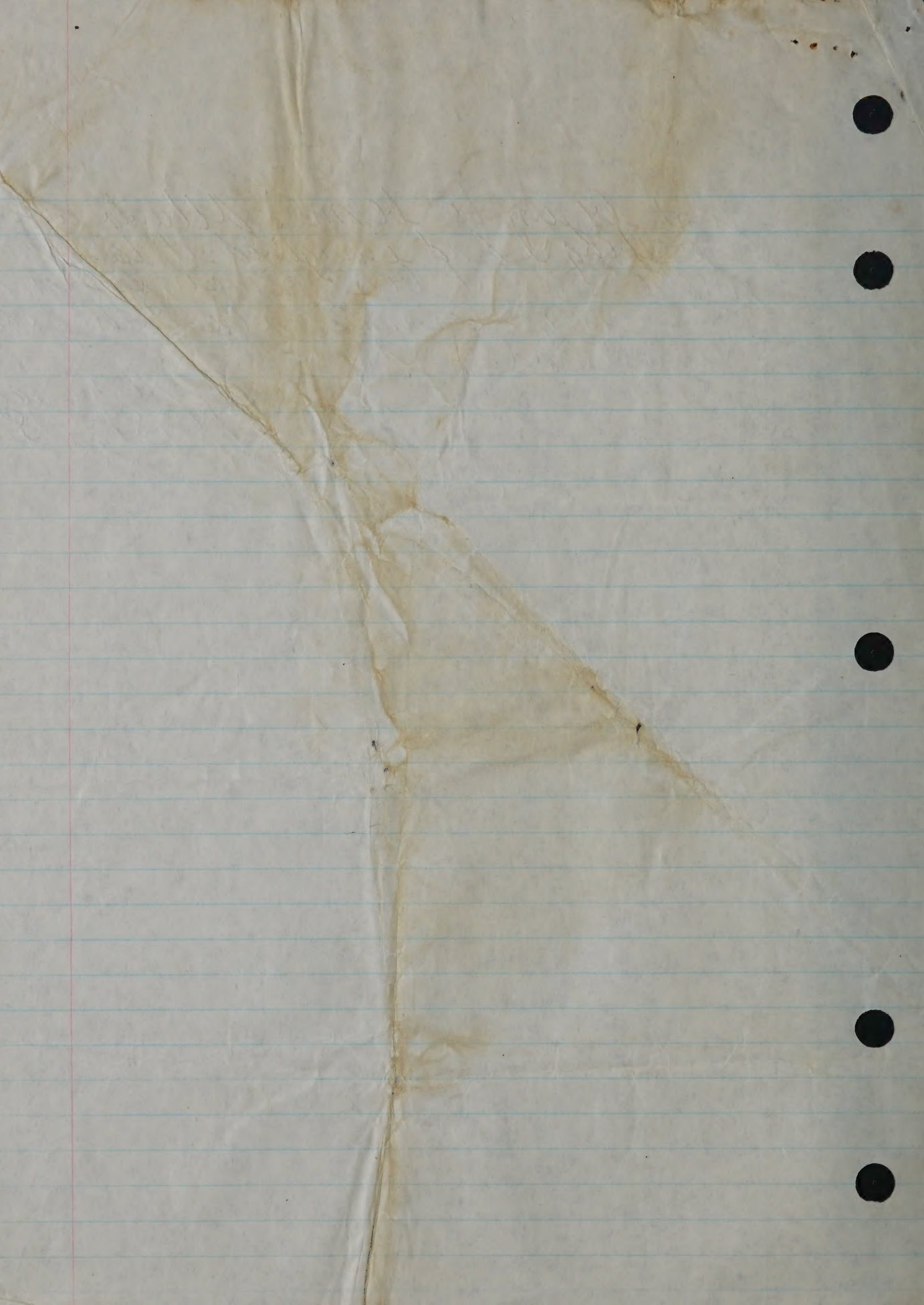
Aubrey did drive his car he just didn't know his way out from the Bus Station. Aubrey came out onto the balcony to talk to me. He said he had heard that I was getting wild up here in Atlanta, I said, so what, I can do what I want to. Besides I ~~can~~ ^{didn't} get wild in the first place. Then he asked, who been pumping you, I said, none of your damn business. ~~They told him about~~ ^{They told} him about his fat friend ~~who~~ who wanted me. He said, I want you, I laughed and told him to dream on, cause he wasn't going to get me. He said

Q.
said, I was just kidding, you know you're
my little brother. Then he hugged me and
went back into the house. After I finished
cooking and we all had eaten, we started
talking about where we wanted to go. We
decided to go visit some of Freddie and Bernard's
friends. I got dressed and packed while
Anbury was in the shower. He took the
longest to get dressed. We argued and
argued while he was dressing. After
he was finally dressed and ready, we
left. We went to this guy named Bruce's
apartment. He had a nice looking place but he
was flat as an ox, but he was a nice guy.
His apartment was simply beautiful.
It was conservatively decorated, but pleasing
to the eye. We talked, looked in magazines
for a while and decided to go to Willie, Jay,
and Maurice's apartment. It was a pretty
good way from his house. Then when
we finally got there I discovered that I had
left the money for the bus ticket at home.
We went inside and sat down. Willie
and Jay came out to say hello and later
so did Maurice. We sat, talked, gossiped,
argued, and laughed for a while. Then

Jays date came over to get him which
 displeased Maurice very much so he
 left the room and came back after
 they were gone. ~~Willie~~ Freddy told Willie
 that we had planned to go to Thunder,
 Willie said it could use his card and
 I. D. Freddie asked Maurice to go with
 us so he put on some pants and we left. We
 got to Thunder and I didn't have any
 trouble getting in. We got in and sat for a
 while. (This is when I really got wild) ~~There were~~
~~a few~~ ^{very} nice, fine, and good looking guys
 at this place I couldn't believe it. We
 left there at about 2:00 and got to the
 bus station at about 2:30. My bus was
 scheduled to leave at 2:45. Aubrey
 paid for the ticket and gave me a dime
 to call daddy. Bernard told him to give me
 more but he didn't. Besides I didn't need it.
 We went down to the ~~gate~~ ^{lobby} where my bus was
 waiting then I said goodbye and got
 onto the bus. There were only about four
 or five people on my bus so I got the
 pick of seats. I looked at the hour
 as we departed and felt like crying, being
 out of 16 yrs. of living I had really just

9
just begun to be me. Atlanta was
everything I had imagined it to be and
more. On the bus, coming on home, I
could only reminisce about the good
times I had.

Precious Memories
1981 9/3/81 - 9/8/81



12/10/88

Loneliness ~~comes~~ has brought
me here to this dreaded place. A place
in time that I fear I travel often more
than not. A place in my thoughts and
soul that is always a period of mourning.
Flooded by the memories of my first love,
I try and hold back the tears. Successfully,
I do push them away. But the damage
has been done, my heart not yet fully
my own, I keep holding on. To what?
Exactly what is it? The answer I fear is
all too familiar to me. So I surrender
to what is more than I or he. Tossing all
inhibition away, I experience the feeling
of total abandonment. The feeling of having
open myself to Love and all its wonders,
~~and~~ only to have it not returned. My soul
is exposed and naked, vulnerable to the
elements. Now there is recuperation, a period
much painful than the Loving.

Nov

, 1988

Sunday night / Monday morn.

Change is life's only constant. And constantly, change has been the only thing I could rely upon to bring me joy. As I live and learn and events take place that help me to grow spiritual I go through a metamorphosis. Changing to better understand my growth, and how to ensure that I am always moving forward. Never looking behind or ~~shall we say~~ making the same mistake twice.

Life feels so much better now. Much better than it did 6 or 7 yrs ago. When I should have been in my prime. Both physically and mentally, but I wasn't. I was just starting to understand what was going on in the life. I see and feel things so differently now. I'm so much growing mentally and reducing physically. Better understanding the human animal and me. And especially the way we ~~get to~~ interact with each other.

Lord, Give me the endurance to
go the distance. And stay with me
along the way. I know how Lord,
what has to be done. I'm afraid and
I feel alone. I know that You are always
here Lord, but why isn't that enough
for me? I'm getting closer to what I
feel w my destiny and I'm crippling
myself with worry and doubt.

Dear Me,

2/20/86

I've been feeling like there's something wrong with me lately. It's like something is amiss. Sometimes I get a very empty, sick space in the middle of my stomach and it feels like I might puke. I lie down a minute and I began to think and it passes. I have the solution to the whole thing, and have had it for a while. Part of the solution to the problem is what I'm doing now. Taking it to print, for peace of mind and freedom of my soul to be rid of it. For the first time in my life I think I'm going to have to cut off my tie with a close personal friend, all my life I've always had one. One someone to be with and talk to, but now is the time for me to learn how to do it on my own. I want to get back to the things I love most, reading, writing, dancing, drawing, and various different types of art work that I do. These little things that mean so much. Since I don't have any love in my life, I'm going to try and make my days as full as possible. I've come so close and try so hard, yet I've been so far away and not nearly attentive enough. Such a romantic I am, I know, but if I weren't I wouldn't be the person I am today. I wouldn't suffer and that wouldn't be human. I often sit and think the same thoughts over and over again and always the same questions I ask, until finally my thoughts bring me back to reality and I already know the answer.

June 1899

The first thing I noticed when I stepped out of the train was the heat. It was a sticky, oppressive heat that seemed to wrap around me like a heavy blanket. The sun was high in the sky, and the air was thick with the scent of dust and the distant call of birds. I had heard that the weather in the South was terrible, but I didn't realize how true it was. As I walked down the platform, I saw a line of people waiting for me. Some were men in suits and hats, and others were women in long dresses and hats. They all looked tired and hot. I introduced myself to the man in the suit, who was the manager of the hotel where I was staying. He showed me to my room, which was on the second floor. The room was small and hot, with a single bed and a small table. I took a shower and changed into a light-colored dress. I then went back down to the platform to see what was going on. I saw a group of men standing together, talking to each other. One of them was a man in a military uniform, and the other was a man in a suit. They seemed to be in a serious conversation. I walked over to them and introduced myself. The man in the suit was the mayor of the town, and the man in the military uniform was the commanding officer of the local militia. They were both interested in my story and the reason I was in the town. I told them that I was a journalist and that I was writing a book about the South. They both seemed to be impressed by my story and the reason I was in the town. They offered me a ride in their car to the hotel. I accepted their offer, and they drove me to the hotel. The man in the suit was the mayor of the town, and the man in the military uniform was the commanding officer of the local militia. They both seemed to be interested in my story and the reason I was in the town. I told them that I was a journalist and that I was writing a book about the South. They both seemed to be impressed by my story and the reason I was in the town. They offered me a ride in their car to the hotel. I accepted their offer, and they drove me to the hotel.

Dear Me,

5/7/86

I'm at a point between a rock and a hard place. Sometimes I'm having such a wonderful time here just being with Tomi and getting into trouble, I forget about Atlanta. Then there are times when I just want to cut loose and dance all night until near exhaustion. That is when things get hectic for me. There are so many things about Albany that make me wish for the wild times in Atlanta. Then there are also times when I reminisce about the wild times in Atlanta and I'm glad I'm at home. I don't get at an emotional low as often as I use to. Only when someone comes to visit or calls do I get that way. I try hard not to feel sorry for myself. It's pity for those who do not have any resources to better themselves. There are so many available to me, and I'm going to take advantage of every one possible. On top of my conflict of living in a city that I don't want to be in, there's also the fact that I'm in my mother's house and I don't know how much longer I can take it. I don't know how long I can stay here. I'm in

one of the worst financial routes ever
in my whole entire life. Then there's
school and homework and people.
Life is trying to get me down. But I'm
stronger than the average kid, so I know
I'll keep fighting until there's not a breath
left in me.

The one thing, besides my financial
situation that worries me most is
my need to be loved. I have written
this so many times before, and each
time it means more and more to me.
I realize how easily it is to get
caught up in our own problems and
not realize what's going on around
you. My problems may be no worse
than anybody's else, but there mine,
and mean more to me. But when
I stop and think about it. There
are people here in the house with
me that are suffering just as
much and worse than I am. And we
be in our graves if we didn't have
them. The only happy people, the
ones that no longer worry are
no longer alive.

train of thought. When they do,
and that is more than not. My
thoughts carry me deep, very
deep. Deep into a world where
my thoughts, ideas and dreams
rule supreme, but that's not
reality. Reality ~~is~~ isn't and reality
is what one must deal with to
make it here, but it's nice to know
there's someplace I can ~~go~~ where no
one else can and that to me. I even
began to count the times I've dreamed
of what I might be one day. And
each time it was always something
quite different never exactly the
same. From everything to nothing.
My soul is fighting for survival
in a world of men and their fucked
up male-masculine attitude the way
is dark and lonely. To come out on
top and have mind, body and soul
in tact is hard. I fight every day
to keep the things that are unique
mine alive. My sense of loyalty
to friends, my love for my family,
my sense of directness, my sometimes

cynical sense of humor and you know the rest. People will always try and bring out your dark side, I think in the way they react to things they don't understand. When I had gotten back from Atlanta, I thought I would burst Albany out, but I found out I was not exactly right. I have done a lot of things that aren't characteristic of me. Sitting thinking about them I decided that nothing is worth not being honest with me, and this doesn't mean telling everybody, "hey I'm gay." It just means telling everyone no that I am me and if some of the things seem a bit different or unusual it's because I am a bit different. If that to them is being gay then yes I am. There's no need to go around answering to every lewd and crude remark made to you by some asshole who obviously is jealous or scared of what you make people see in them. My next goal is to become more minded about the things that will matter in the long run, school, a part time job and exercise

and diet. I think if I can get into that frame of mind I will come out on top. This is May and it's getting hotter every day it will be harder to get in the frame of mind that I need to be to get the things accomplished that means most to me. When those times come when my body cries out for another in desperation, I know what to do with no one in my life to patify them for the moment. Those times may come a lot more frequently than I want, but I must not falter, I will not fall I was on my feet once and getting by barely when the resources were there for me, now they are not so readily available, but I am determined to beat the odds and get by. God has given me a second chance, not a time for me to prove my self worth of His goodness.

5/14/86

On Sunday Morning, May
18, 1986.

The morning was soon
~~to~~ to be, the air was cool, just
slightly, with the gentle whisper of a
light wind gently breezing in the
windows. The more we looked into each
other, eyes the more we could feel
the passion between, the need to be
held, kissed, ——— taken. We
gave the Papa a few memories before
I lead him upstairs. There we tasted
of the fruits of our bodies, and the
pursuit of every imaginable orifice, and
became high from the lust. We began
to talk, odd I thought, don't you sense
what I feel, what I want, what I
need? It wasn't right, but it was
good. I would have gladly done
without the satisfaction if it would
have been right. No words, only
eyes speaking with unspoken words.
Seeing and knowing all. Mutually
satisfying. Carl.

5/19/86

How young and naive, he is, yet so experienced and manipulative. He really is quite harmless and really adorable. But I am ready, I am I ready to have a young man like this there for me when I need him, or he ready for someone like me. How can I be seriously thinking about becoming involved with some in the prime of their life? In Albany, Ga. of all places. Well, these questions may very well be answered in time. However, I do know that I am not ready to try Love again and have it fail. I feel awful saying this, but if someone is hurt, I intend to make sure that it isn't me.

Jimmy, I fear, I fear what we're heading into. I afraid of what might eventually happen to one us. That my friend is almost inevitable. The ending of our involvement, whenever it may come is going to leave one of us (or both) disappointed and hurt deeply.

5/19/86

Where do I begin to tell
the story of how confused
a heart can be.

We met, we talked, we
hung out together, we got to know
each other. We became familiar with
the things we liked about each other.
We established grounds on which we
~~established the ground where he~~ for
working, understanding relationships.
So much like myself, a couple
of years ago. But I've been there,
I looked through his eyes before.
I know the every changing period of
infatuation and lust for bodies and
faces. I've been before. I know there's
nothing in a life like that for me to now,
but maybe he's different.

I tried to wait, to make the time
right, but I didn't. The timing wasn't
right but that will be other nights.
And I hope that I can correct the
mistake that was made. This boy
is hot! But I don't know if I can
bring back the feelings once felt
for him.

5/5/86

There are those times
When my soul screams in despair
There are those times
When my body yearns for freedom
There are the times I want to be alone

$$\begin{array}{r} 1 \\ 36 \\ 12 \\ \hline 172 \\ 36 \\ \hline 432 \end{array}$$

Idy U, Come over here! I know your name, but U is shorter. A lot easier to say too - O.K. O.K. I was only kidding, but there's something I want you 2 C. It's more than just the sun setting. Look at all these colors in the setting of the sun. They remind me of us. This must be an omen. What do you mean not again? So what if we did! You slept longer than an hour, didn't you? But it's so odd. Seeing a sunset that means so much to me on the anniversary of our meeting. I'd rather you do something for me. I'll get the picnic blanket and if you're still sleepy - well you do not think we're going to stay in here. But that sunset means the moon will be full and we don't want to be in here, besides when the howling starts the neighbors may complain.

May 23/12

It happened, and yet so soon, I thought it would be awhile before it would, but it has begun. Oh, how easily I give in to my pitiful emotions. The need to be loved, what do I know about Loving and Being Loved, the need to share with someone, I'm one of the most selfish people I know. Jimmy is a funny kind of a guy, he's a liar, he doesn't work, always broke (as much as I am), he's short, sometimes a phony, but I adore him. I let him ^{get} ~~make~~ me upset and ^{make} ~~me~~ jealous. All for what? This madness called Love! I must be crazy. I've known the pain of Love here more than anywhere else I've ever been in life, maybe that's a sign. Of what sort, I don't have the slightest of ideas. This place has something

11/23

Dear Ma,

6/5/86

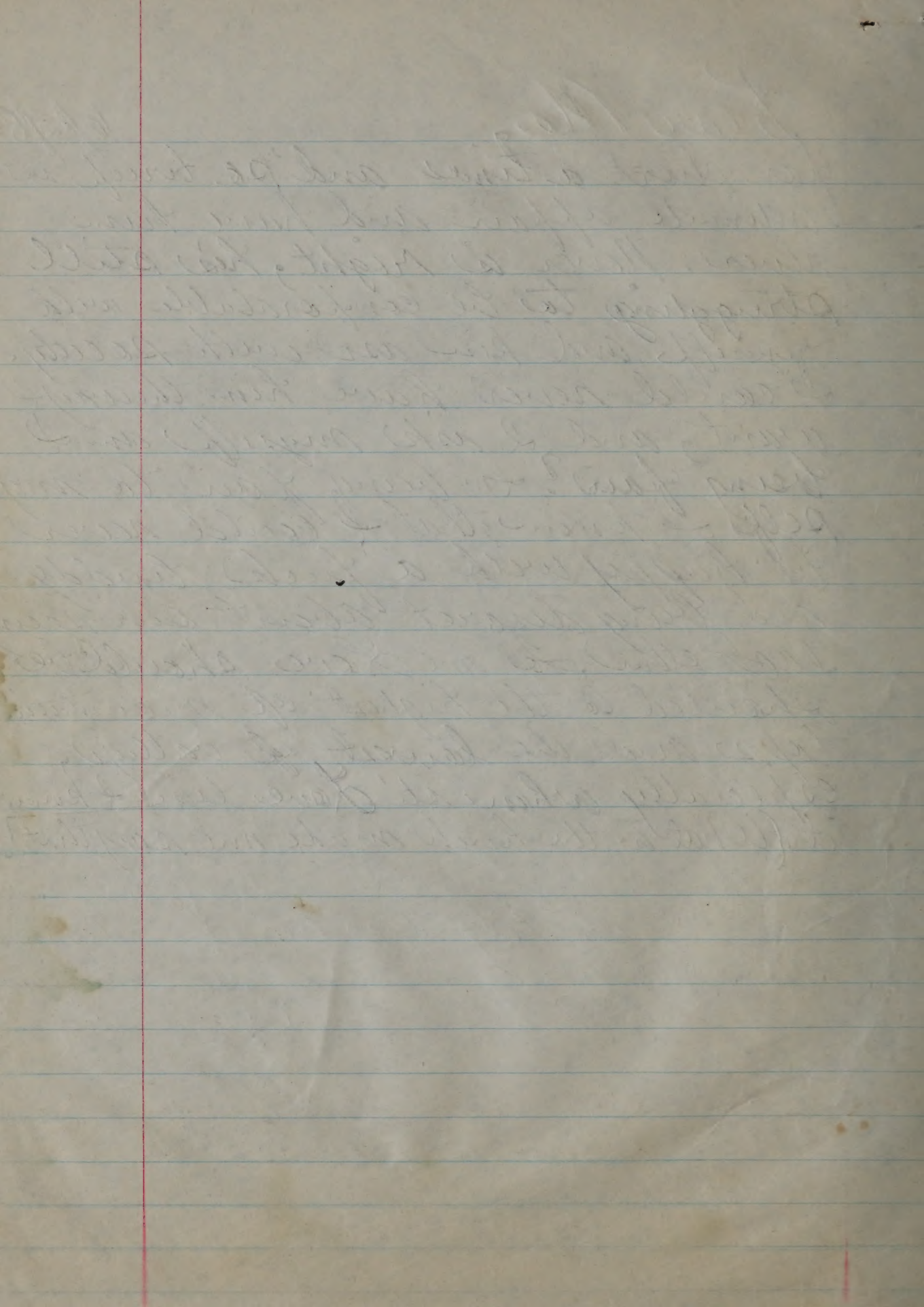
It's been a while since last we meet this way. We have gone longer, but the longer we wait the more tripping things become between us. You've done some things, haven't you, or shall we say accomplished some things. You've gotten yourself through one quarter of school, gotten what seems to be a well paying steady job for a while. You're on the ball, hey kid. And physically you look you're best, but how are you emotional. Yeah! That's what I thought! But it's OK, start worrying when Life isn't fucking with you.

Lately I've been watching myself being an asshole, or let's say becoming a typical cut-throat queen. I've made so many promises to myself before, but I think now is the time to get it done. I need to be in my own apartment. I really need my space to be creative and succeed.

for my sanity. At this point
in my life I'm going to find it
a real strain to live comfortably
on my own while going to
school and working. It's a
challenge, and that's what I'm looking
for. I must learn to depend on
me and only me. It's time to take
charge and total responsibility.

I was told that he had
moved away, and that I'd never,
or my chances of running into
in Albany anytime soon would
be quite slim, but for some reason
it seemed too drastic a removal
for me, to be true. My Black
Knight stood tall and proud
within my sight and grasp.
My instincts never lead me
wrong. He's rode into my path
quite a few times since the
reckoning. And every time has
been sweet. And I yearn
for him so dearest, but my
soul revolts at the thought.
It can't bear being with him

for short a time and so brief an
intimate affair and have him
never. Never is right, he's still
struggling to be comfortable with
himself, and him as with society.
I could never have him the way I
want, and I ask myself am I
being fair? I'm being fair to my-
self. I know that I could never
be happy with a fuck buddy
and being discreet about our seeing
each other. To me Love should be
perched to the highest of mountain
tops and the lowest of valleys,
especially when it's Love like I know
it. (What in the fuck made me say that!)



Dear Father,

7/15/86

It's so damn hot, but the rain did finally come. It's cool enough now to relax, but I'm twice as tense as I was before the rain. The heat has done nothing but make me a little, even more so than I was before. My passion, or shall we stick closer to the lines of truth and pay, but, is rising and it's getting harder every day to keep in control. Since ~~last~~ meet Michael if I've been in such a state of bitterness. He has managed to do in one or two days what it took me other to do in almost a year. Take my heart as if it were there own. I was thinking that it has been just over a year since I was laying up in the so-called a hospital (Prody), how they used me as a guinea pig, how alone I felt. That is just how lonely I feel now. My heart shall truly rejoice when the "Search is Over" and I shall have a lover with whom I can look forward to spending the rest of my life with. Sharing, caring, giving and taking. Carl

6/5/87

I'm on my way to work
and as usual, I'm tripping plan
out. Really bugging. As we
ride through this desolate place
called Albany I see so much potential
for growth, so much room for
improvement. This city is so much
like me its porta peared. ~~It's~~
~~like me the people who are the~~
~~city~~

When one thinks in terms of bettering
oneself, we usually think in terms
of more education, which hopefully
leads to a better paying job, not
going out and staying to all hours
in the morning and so on and
so forth. But do we ever think
in terms of the elimination of
certain characteristics about us
or personality traits that are
not at our advantage to have.
Take for instance pride - which can
be taken or for us to include or
induce delusion of grandeur.
Which leads to a life of un-
fulfilled dreams and a word of
lost hope. Think about the
people you meet when you

friendly enough to speak first, and
when you enter a room with a smile
everyone always returns it.

Dec 22, 87

I hate it when I'm in the mood for writing and not at home. Sometimes it can be pretty awkward, intensely absorbed in writing in the workplace. In this case it's not, because I'm in my display closet and there's no one around but me. With this being the case, it's still rather peculiar. My writing is almost always very personal and terribly honest. Both of which if read by the wrong people could stand to cause complications. Well, enough of the gibber, I want to get down to the problem.

I withdrew from the clubbing scene here because of the temptation and dissatisfaction it left me. It's like a large game played with real people. Of course the rules sometimes get terribly degrading. So that and the fact that promiscuity and "unveiled" loving can prove to be fatal, left me at a low club life. I abstained from sexual encounters with anyone for almost 3 months and it is killing me. My need level is quite high, but even greater is my passion level. My body is responding in the oddest ways - reaction are readily noticeable.

7/22/83

I want to make an attempt at describing exactly what it is that I feel about being homosexual. Or for me of a more common term, "gay". To me it is more or less a state of mind. The way I think, eat, live, and breathe. The road has never been a easy one. First there was acknowledgment then denial. First I acknowledged the fact that I was different, then I began to deny by way of prayer. "Lord", "Take yet this burden away from my heart, for that is where it all starts. The burden was never lifted - from that of an innocent boy who knew not of the pleasures of another man's body yet. Save that of his own ~~It man who~~

Sept. 28 89

Dear Father,

My life has turned 360° around, what direction am I headed in? That my friend is totally up to you.

I came to Atlanta seeking a release from an agonizing small town 200 miles south of here. I puttyed like there was no end to it all. I met a guy who's like a breath of fresh air. We spent a day together and really enjoyed each others company. I left, we kept in touch and somewhere along the line we managed to start to care about each other. I made arrangements and 3 1/2 weeks later I'm here in Atlanta with him.

All sorts of emotions and things have transpired in the meantime. There was the after affair between Kenny and I. Strictly platonic, but nonetheless an affair. I do still care for him but I know when enough is enough. He was over at my place or in touch everyday. Then when

it came time for me to leave, he
was the only somebody I could
depend on to get me here.

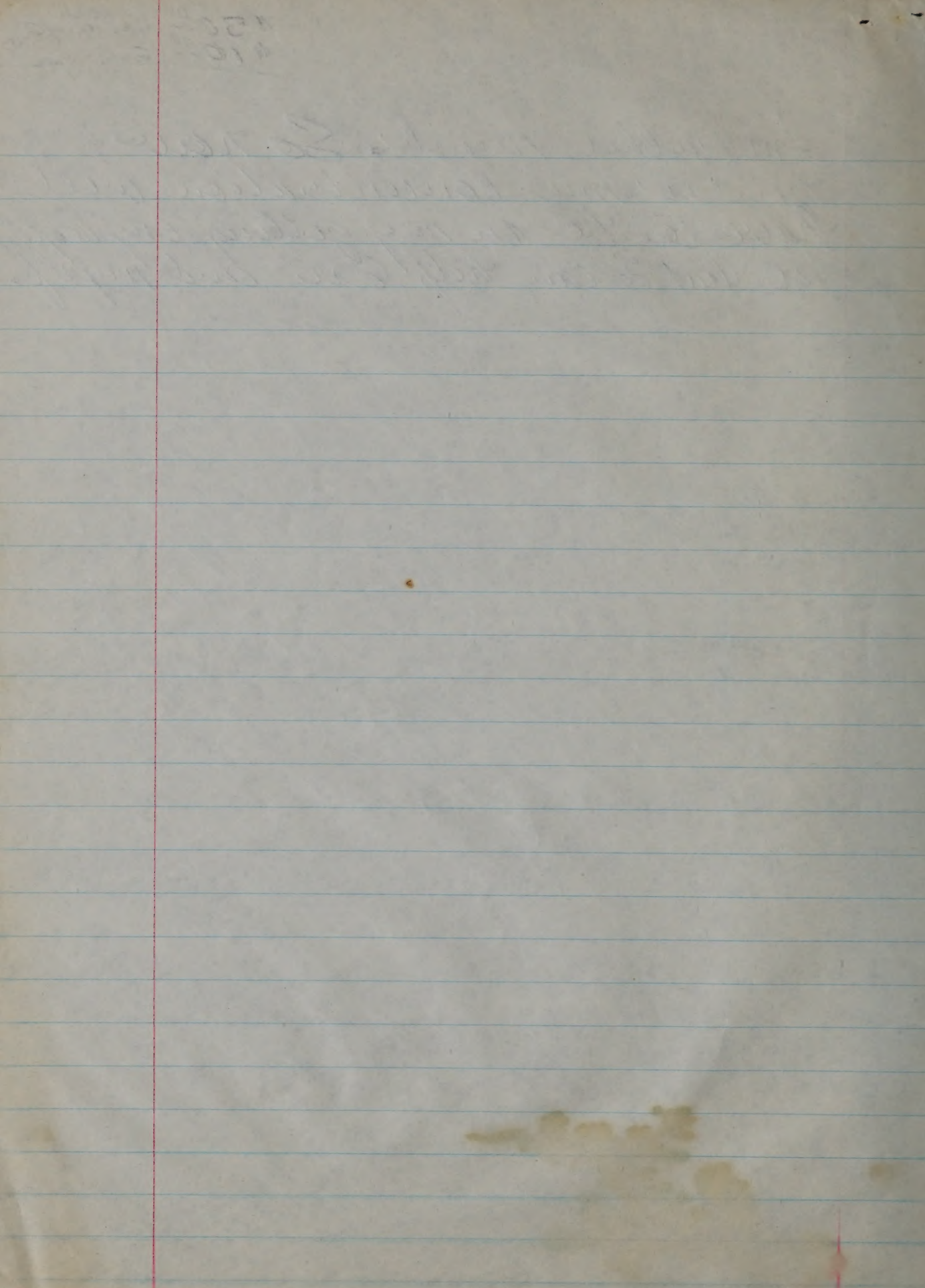
Then there was Victor Horne.
A beautiful young man he
just came into my life and
took a piece of my heart for
himself. During ~~my~~ ^{my} last
days in Albany he was there
as well. He Kenny and 3
3 men all caring about me.
Sally Day. Never have I
~~encountered~~ such a caring
episode in my life.

Now that I'm here Eric
seems to be preoccupied - his
mind is not where it should
be - on me! **My** need to be
loved and have that love
constantly felt is so great.
What comes next is something
only time can tell. I do
know that I care for Eric very
much, it's just something I
must.

I'm caught right now in
an emotional mixing bowl

\$50.⁰⁰ loan
\$10.⁰⁰ Eric gas

I'm rather numb. So now I
guess my concentration will
have to be on my getting employed
so that I can help Eric and myself.



5/31/89

As I sit here in the palace of this house. I am comforted only by these walls. It's really funny to me how life is full of little quirks that set you off the path you've struggled so hard to stay on.

I take for instance my falling in Love. What an experience it has been. Firstly, I really didn't think that I could Love, the way people spoke of the emotion. But boy was I wrong. Not only did I feel the way people spoke of; I feel beyond that.

"What a fool believer". My whole existence revolved around the man I fell in Love with. However I didn't know that Love has certain quirks that are deadly. Love is very rarely 50/50, it's always a 60/40 or 70/30 but rarely a 50/50. I'm not certain what mine was, but I gave all **110%** of my existence to try and make ~~the~~ relationship work. Through the years I was constantly cheated of the things I so deserved. I put up with with him selling drugs, staying away from home for weeks on end.

I refused to acknowledge his abusive
use of cocaine (crack), and it was
only when he started to steal from
me I realized what was going on
or shall I say I open my eyes.
Then he ruined the one relationship I
had with a woman that I truly loved,
and put strain on another. And through
all this I held onto my Love and caring
for him. He did try and at one point
even asked me to give up on him.
But I wasn't ready, my heart was still
in it, I couldn't let go just then.
So we went through a period where
he was exactly working and trying to
do right. That didn't last very long.
Then things got downright nasty for
awhile. So we broke up after he walked
out on me. I went through a period
where I tried to push him out of my
mind of course it didn't work.
Then the new year came and we were
together. Shortly we were apart
again. He was arrested on forgery
charges - he stole checks from
James. He was in jail for about
2 1/2 months and I waited faithfully

for him. For reasons unknown to me,
I waited and wrote and talked to him
on the phone while I was @ work, hell!
I even went to visit him in jail, something
I had said I would never do.

When he finally did get out,
things weren't much different than they
had been in the past. He left the letters
I had poured out my love to him in
prisons (the Co. jailhouse) he stayed out till
late @ night, disrespected my house, slept
all day and wanted to fuck all night
and most of the morning.

Finally I'd had enough - I
told him of my discontentment and
asked him to leave. Stupidly calling
him prone work and doing so. He
walked out with the one thing that
meant so much to me - my color TV
set that my brother brought me - gone.
And so is he - good riddance. Because
it's only now @ this instance have I
realized how much of a mixed up
paul Henny is. And I'm on the road
to getting him out of my system.
I did still sit here and think of him
quite often, but I have come to the

end of my road. No one thing I
want was like from me.

It's hard for me to imagine
life without him and I guess the hard-
est thing would be the thought that he
might be sleeping with someone else,
especially someone I don't like - but
to hell with him, and them.

I've been thinking about things
that happened in the past and all
the mistakes I've made in trusting
people.

6/13/89

Imm Love, sweet; bitter,
Love. Hooked, addicted, obsessed.

6/14/89

This weekend started off being
~~as~~ as usual as they could. Work
and the puddle. Come home get
dressed hit the muddy puddle. Drink
knobe get wasted. Trip out so on
and so forth. But Sunday was
different. Well the wheel had several
twists to it. Freddy was home; Liz
graduated; I was off Sat. Night.
So it was really rather strange
and cute.

Sunday morning found
Xenny here, and Chuck on his
way here. I managed to get Xenny
out of the house before Chuck got
here. He disappeared so suddenly
and then reappeared just seconds
before Chuck pulled up. It could
have been a messy situation but
it wasn't. He phed a few beers
and then left. Why? I don't
know. Was he hurt - so what

once out of the hundreds of
times I've been hurt. There was
he to go is probably more
like it. Fred and Frank, no
place to go. He left walking
past head up trying not to show
how wounded he was. A poor
looking figure as he quickly
cleared the distance it takes to
get out of sight of my apartment.

Chuck came in and sat
down, when I got back to the bed-
room where he was there was a
feeling of intrusion and welcome,
both bombarding me at the same
time. He stayed and we talked
a whole lot, but there were some
tears shed here as well. From
him. I could not bring myself
to release them. We have decided
to cherish the friendship we share.
And call it that. He's a very
intelligent guy with a bright
future. I really like Chuck and
hope that life will find us
becoming closer and closer as
friends as we live and grow.

My nerves are on a fringe

June 4th 1989

It's been just over a week before I asked Dennis to leave my house. He been kinda wild and loose - every since. But today I lie in bed and thought about every thing I have found out since ~~that~~ I saw him last. Things about his conflicts with the law. It seems that all the feelings I had were right. He wasn't attending classes, at Riley or the L O L Building and ~~he wasn't~~ he wanted for prepping bail or something. So all the time that end was building I felt it. My love was just too strong for this man, but my determination to succeed in life was even stronger.

He heard all kinds of things that were supposedly going on while we were together, I'm putting the things that were true together.

by listening to my heart while
hearing the rumors. Kenny
took advantage of my love for
him but he never involved me
in his illegal activities and
he does love me. He never tried
to force me into smoking rocks
against my will. He was gentle
loving and caring. But he was
weak and couldn't give in to
me the way I did to him. The
more I gave, the more he took.
His heart he let me have, but
he wouldn't let me possess him
the way I did him. I still
love him very much, but now
I must give him up to the
prison system of Georgia. It
hurts so deeply, but I'm on
the road to recovery. I pray a
prayer for him every night and
I know the Lord will bring
him peace. Wherever you are
Kenny, I haven't given up yet.

Love Carl

6/01/89

Out one troubled man out of
my life - in came the intrusion
of another.

The message was delivered
to me by my mother, "the sweet
woman" that she is. Someone had
been calling to the house for me
and she didn't know who it was,
but she thought he said his name
was Daniel, and he was asking for
Charles".

She gave me the number
and of course I called immediately.
He answered the phone and my mind
was flooded with memories of a time
that once was. So sweet and bitter,
are the memories.

The Daniel Proctor that
I spoke to today sounded like a
much more mature Daniel. He
sounded like someone who was fed
up with a life of constant imprisonment.
The system must have finally broke down
the barrier that kept him there.

So what now! ? Come what
may I shall deal with it

2

9/05/89
How could this be happening
so soon? How could I be in
love with someone so soon after
Kenmy and I split up. And why
does it hurt so bad. I was driven
to tears on the phone with Eric.
Something that once was a comfort,
the tears, Kenmy killed them, and
now Eric brings them back.

I went to Atlanta this
weekend wound up as tight as
a rubber bullet. So full of energy
and withholding so much in, I needed
a release.

9/19/89
Well now I think I can finish what
I started. I was so tense that weekend
(Labor Day). I was so in need of letting
my hair down. I thoroughly enjoyed myself.
Then I met Eric. The young man that
has caused as many upsets as he has
solved. He came into my life and
breathed fresh air into my lungs while
exhaling stale and old things that I
thought I would no longer have to

deal with. Our lives are so parallel yet different. I can foresee a world of problems that we will encounter. I can also foresee a sea of loving and caring, sharing and giving and taking!

It is my belief that this is something special and will get better in time. I have an enormous amount of faith in the relationship in the relocation and just everything.

Eric and I managed to commit to each other over, or shall I say we have established the grounds for a working relationship over the phone. Our conversations are never boring or with long pauses of silence. We are always probing to find out more about the other.

The true test will be when I move into his apartment. One never knows another until one lives with the other. The only thing I feel that might hinder our relationship is the lack of honesty. Which is something I will definitely make sure that I always am a honest.

8/9/89

Up until tonight I guess I've
never really stop and realize
how lucky I am. The Lord has
blessed me with a good mind,
a loving family and has allowed
me to experience Love. ~~Love~~

These things are all truly blessings
from up above. Life is not always
fair, about 90% of life is fucked.
But as long as you have these
things I feel one can and usually
does do **OK**

9/1/89

So where is it, exactly
that we're left when the tears
won't flow? Where is the pain
and what is it called? After
the love has gone and we
must carry on.

My heart keeps trying
to hold on, even though
what once was is gone

10/7/89

These are hard times, hard times
for Lovers. They all separate they don't
stay together long.

The words ring so
true until it's scary. But true
they are! I'm trying very hard to
come to some kind of conclusion
about the way I feel about my
present situation, but I feel nothing
really. I mean, there is really
nothing

10/14/89

Paradise, is what you're looking
for But where is she! Well,
she's here, but it's up to us to get there.
Starting over → fresh and new.

Dear Father, 11/18/89
Please, be with us one
and all. I feel us slip farther
and farther away from touch
the hem of your garment. Our
fraternal love (Dwinnell).

As usually, I've been
neglecting doing this. One reason
my life has been in the eye
of the storm. For all around
has been total chaos but
somehow I've managed to maintain.
I will go into great detail
about what is going on, or shall
I shall I say what has transpired thus
far. Life is many things and so
am I.

@ the present time I am
rather displaced. I'm living with a
friend (Mark) whom I met through Rich
Solomon. He's "many things" and he's from
Toledo Ohio. If you can believe that
the and someone from Toledo living
under the same roof.

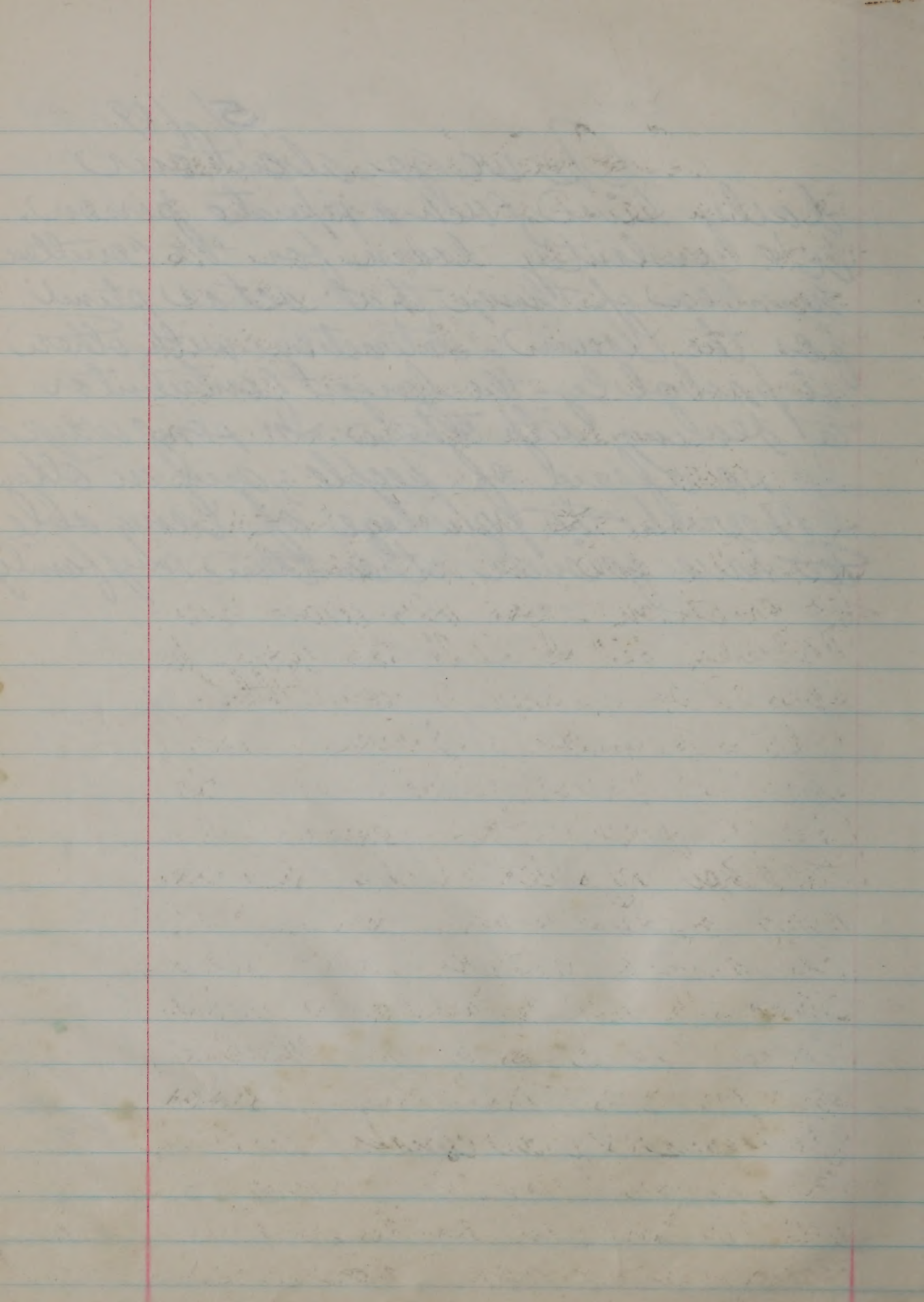
11/28/28

I have been thinking of you
 and all the things you have
 done for me. I am so
 grateful for all your
 help and advice. I hope
 you are well and happy.
 I will be home soon.
 Love,
 [Signature]

I hope you are well.
 I will be home soon.
 Love,
 [Signature]

5/1/89

As we go about our daily lives, each a separate person. We constantly learn for the countless numbers of things that act as stimuli for the Brain. Interaction with others is probably the largest contributor to dealing with others. In some ways I'm so afraid of people; and in others I cherish the privilege of being able to have friends other than my family.



10/16/89

Preparation is the key. Making sure that those things past are just that past. All things ahead must not disrupt the program - it's all about self preservation and awareness.

10/19/89

Today is a very strange day, and as it begins to come to an end and I fear it will get even stranger. It all started early this morning with a sequence of very strange dreams. The first dream I recall was on Kenny. At first it was just ordinary things seeing him and together, well, no, I was observing him and others. They were constantly eluding me I could not get close enough to talk to them. Only to observe them. When finally I did there was Kenny, and as I approached him he yelled @ me not to come closer. When I kept getting closer he began to look foreign and then familiar. Finally I reached him and his reason for ~~the~~ eluding

me was that he was stoned
on crack and did not wish me
to see him in such a state.

Needless to say, the train ended
there and I didn't get much sleep.
I also dreamt of Anthony Farby,
A good friend in Chicago.
He was in Atlanta, single - his
present lover is another good friend
of mine Chris Venable. Anthony
was sitting in a living room
here somewhere drinking a beer, while
I people went off about him meeting
someone and going to bed with
them that same night. Enter I,
and offer him refuge and a
listening ear.

For the first time, since
I've been here, I really feel a bit
homesick. Like I may have made
a bad mistake in moving. I know
that is not so. My timing was
all fucked up, but the move
was definitely for the better.
I have to realize I have accomplished
a lot since I've been here. I have
one job and another pending. I'm

writing on the guy to call and tell me when I start. So for these things I have to thank God. It's been no wonderfult to me. Through all the bad times and hard times he's always been to it that things worked out ok for me. Never more than I can care. In God Be the glory.

The thing that has been my greatest hindrance has been temptation to indulge in pleasure of the flesh. It has been very hard especially since I got my job. That was my first priority was to become employed and now since I have, those other things are tethering me.

My thoughts and ideals for the new year to come are definite in all aspects except one. My relationship with Kenny. Whether or not I will try and rekindle our relationship is something only time will tell. I do still have feelings for him, but do I have the strength to deal with him here is the thing. I do know that my heart is set on having a lover and he would be the ideal one in no many

inspect. There is contrast in our
relationship, but there ~~is~~ ^{are} also
similarities. Sex is absolutely phenomenal.
But how can I deal with his drug
addiction, his fear of his mother
and all those other things. My only
conclusion is dedication and
commitment. The same way my
grandmother put up with a man who
was a habitual alcoholic. The
same way my mother lives with
a man who not only cheated on
her but father a child from another
woman while married to her.
It will not be easy but it can
be done. Time will be the factor
in this.

Jan 16, 1989

This new feeling of being
set free on a string is something new
and quite different from anything
I've ever felt. It's damn tripping!

June 19, 1989

It's tripping in so many
moods of mystery. Carl is reborn in
a time and place that is such an explosive
situation. Only he and a few others even
realize it. God — guide me, be with me,
I need you Father! I'm trying like I didn't
think I could.

Why did it come @ this point in my life?
I mean @ a point in time I think I would
help for me to look my worst & look
the best yet. The possibilities are just
too plentiful. But it's too risky, even
taking precautions and practicing safe
sex. And I don't really have a strong
attraction for most people I meet.
But all I think about is sex, sex with
one, sex with many, sex with many

Dealing with Bruce, managing trains, and
so on and on. But it's all to forget
about the intrusion that falling in
Love caused in my life.

7/10/89

So many different things going
through my mind. Really trying
to get into all the things
that have been making my
life an emotional sponge.
Absorbing all things felt. The
music has me pulled into a
state where concentration is
hard. Surviving in a chaos
of society where death is quickly
taking its toll on what seems to
be inevitably everyone. Making
life work with me in a city
where ignorance is quite the
norm. Dealing with the after-
mat of change from a broken
heart - my first true Love.
Again perhaps shall we say the
need to be loved has become
greater than the need to

love. The dark sexual side has
been reborn. The hound is loose
and she's a scarlet pussy, a
dangerous bitch. Mostly to herself.
A frightened pup, but a determined
one.

7/29/89

And as I feel myself letting go
of the relationship that I had so
many plans for I cry a sigh of
relief. Yet still I'm not happy, I'm
really rather scared. Being single,
unattached, uncommitted, beholden to
no one will take some readjusting.
It's such a hassle being free like this.

8/01/89

What I really meant to say
is that I'm shattered. I can't even begin
to think about a potential lover. I don't
think there is anyone else in town for
me. But I have to be wrong. For my
own sake and peace in adjusting here, I
have to be wrong. That is just one
dilemma I'm faced with, the last

of my worries. You would think
but now I would realize that
life is a constant ~~periodic~~ series
of confrontation and dilemma,
and the changes we go through
to deal with them. This is
definitely a crisis point in my life
and I thank God for enabling me
to deal through it all. If I can
keep the faith and let the Lord
lead me, and use me I can get
to me. That's the real struggle.

And as I shed these tears
of joy by way of pain, I know. I
know what God's trick was in creating the
emotion. "Love", that is the emotion. The
trick is this; Love is good even when it
hurts. At least when you hurt you have the
courage to push yourself on through it
all. Because faith in ~~him~~ (God) you know
things can only get better. Part of the wonder
of Love is knowing that you are capable of
giving Love. That the hard part - anybody
can receive, but not many of us can really
give in to its every whim. But I know
it has really freed me. I'm in a land
just above the people and suffering below
the angels. That is ^{my} only mediocrity in
life.

~~I'm also depressed~~

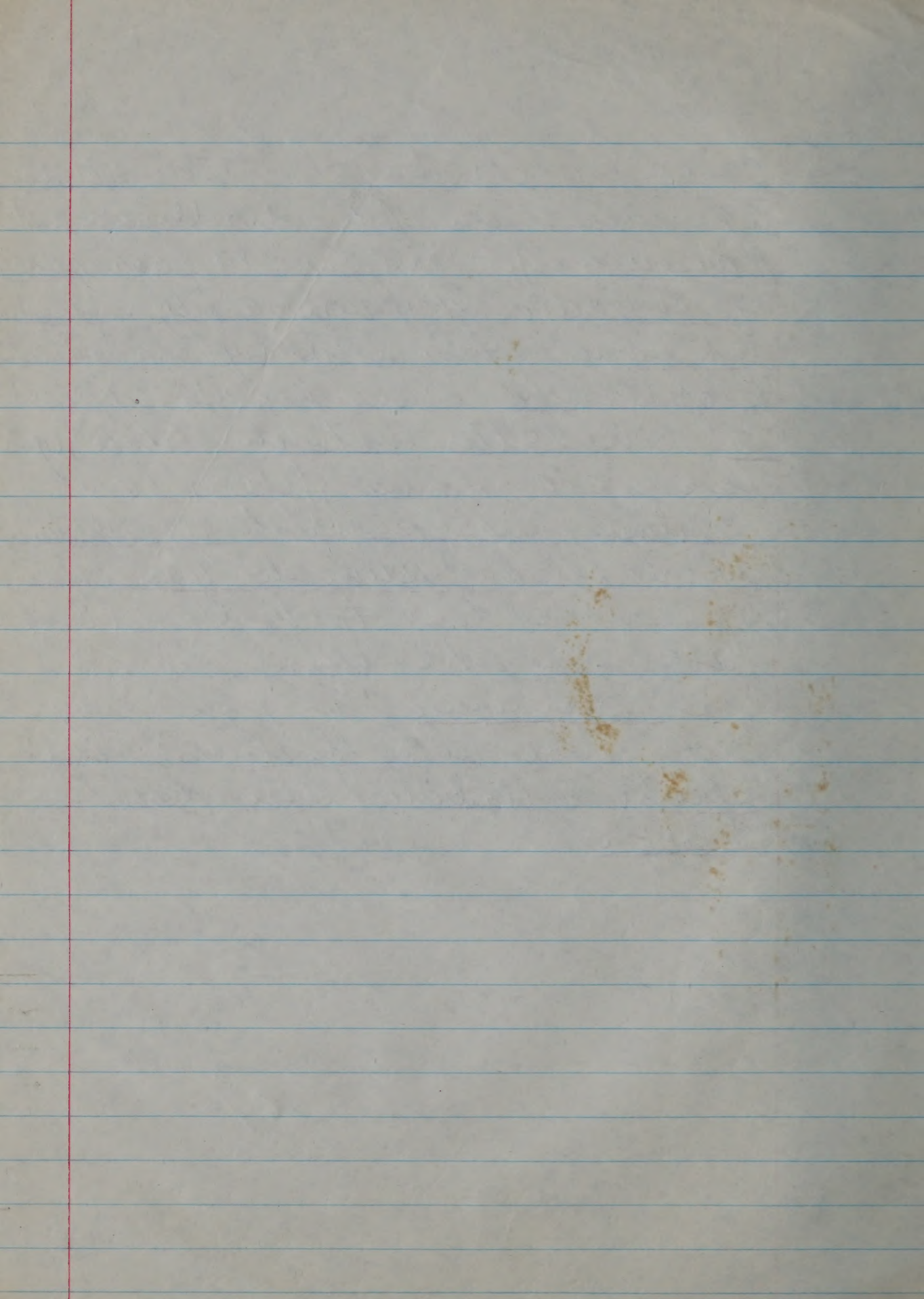
See page 23
B28
H.C. Whistler
Dund

Aquarius

1/20/86

"Character Portrait" - Aquarius is one of the Roman signs, represented by a man or woman pouring water from a vase. The other two human signs are Gemini (the Twins) and ~~Virgo~~ (the Maiden). Aquarius' are often not what they seem. The statement that Aquarius is a water is a misconception, it is actually an air sign. Air signs are the social ones, the communicators, and messengers of the zodiac; they're concerned with relationships with others. Like other air signs you're easy to approach and talk to everyone and find common ground. (That special Aquarian friendliness). Aquarians are often viewed as eccentrics, since they can be too far too far removed from terra firma (earth) at times. Their close relationships are frequently embattled; they are often accused of being too culty and humanistic, drinking their healing waters on comparative strangers while loved

ones are thirsting for their attention.
Aquarians are often brilliant and
farseeing, yet they can be poor judges
of character. They are easily influenced
and naive when used by manipulative
people who know how to appeal
to their better instincts. Since you
live in your mind, your love
partners must stimulate you mentally
before he can stimulate you physically.
Aquarians tend to fall in love
with men who others regard
as "unsuitable" in some way.
But you're able to discern the
"special" attributes these men have
to offer.



Dear Father,

2/12/90

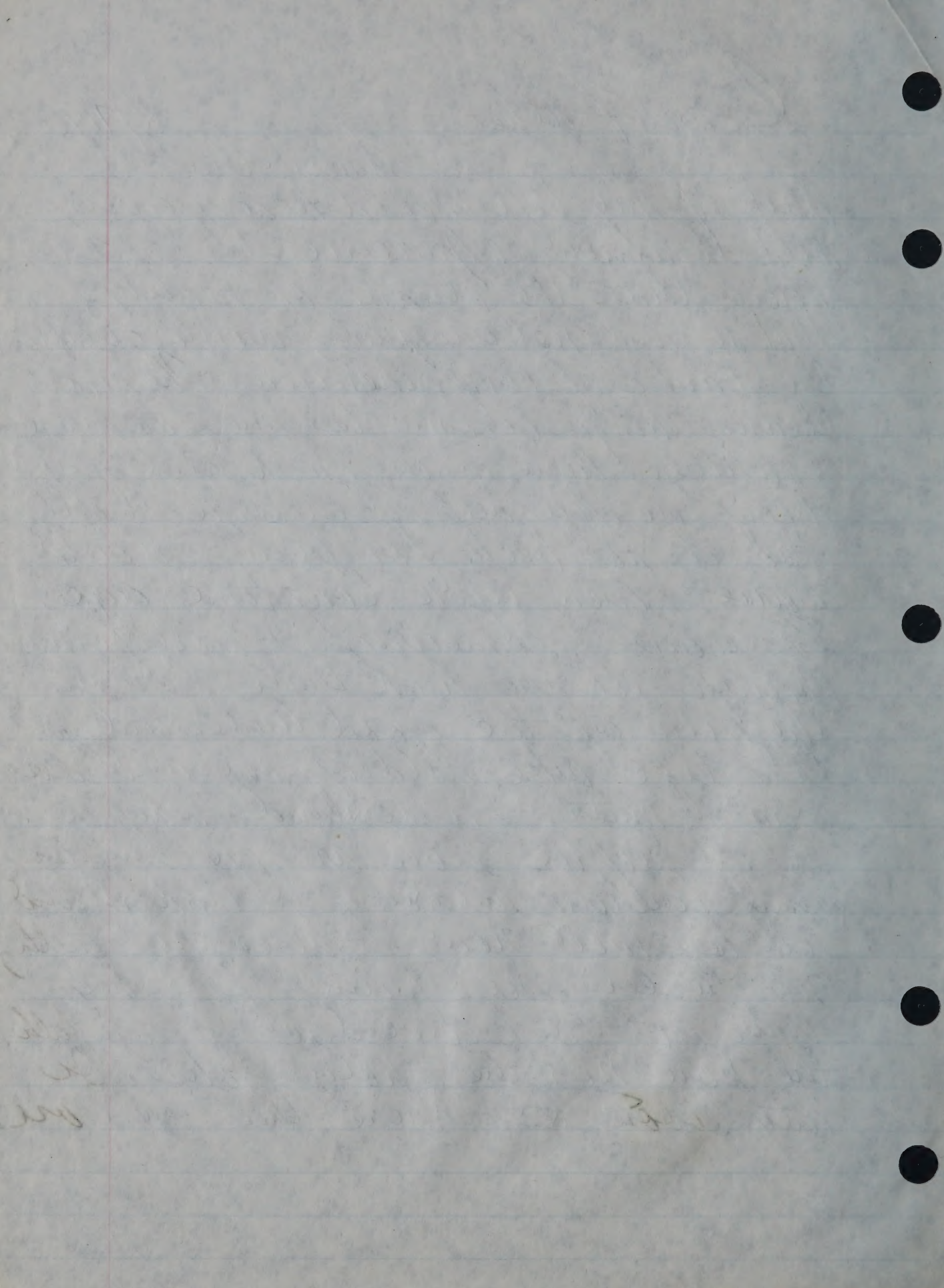
If seems to me that I've been brought to this point in place in time for a reason. There is so much about ~~our~~ life that is cruel and unfair. So much that needs to be changed. I know now that I'm not one of those people that can just sit back and take the things that go on around me. I have to challenge the establishment of "what is" into what should be. I'm driven by a force from within which I can only identify as You. I believe with all my heart that things can be changed if we only believe and fight through protest. With our love for you our Creator in our hearts. Letting our tongues confess and our hearts proclaim that you are King - How can we ignore. The injustices that are done to my sisters and brothers everyday are sometimes enough to bring up all the pain we've displayed in the past but I know we can change things if we start giving. For all

the love I have in my heart to give,
I will realize one day and nerve you
with the glory you so deserve.

I am bitter, and as I
live, grow and learn more each day
I become a little more bitter. So now
I must take some time away from the
same old routine and put myself in
~~check~~. I've been letting time press me.
Press me into striving to achieve too
much too soon. But it is important
to me to get to a point in life
where I really start to live and
make a difference in the world in
which I live.

Here now, more so than before,
I think about Kenny. When things start to
close down around me I know why he
turned his back on the going on of every day
life.

Dear Father, 2/7/90
I knew that every
day of my life would be a growing
and learning experience. Yet I never
knew that the stream of reality,
that is and not imagined, would overflow
the banks of comprehension. The more
clearly things become to me, the more
I realize how much faith and my
belief in you help me through it all.
Had it not been for you, I would
have given up a long time ago.
Somehow, somehow I will persevere
through all the hard times. Bask in
the sun of the good times, and just
let life take hold of me and do
what I must. I understand why a
lot of people's lives are so empty
and without meaning. I understand
all too well now. There's no faith,
no healer, no friend, for they
have not the knowledge of the father,
the son nor the holy ghost. Or
they choose to ignore that you are.



2/07/90

I was once, what I thought
was a whole person. I was in
Love, I was being Loved. I believed
in the Father Son and Holyghost.
I treated people like I would want
to be treated, but Love left me
and brought my whole world down
around me. "Wuf" I asked myself.
Love of man was first in my
life when Love of God should've
been first.

Now there's so much I have
given to a man that did not give
those things in return and I'm
left bitter and unbecoming. It's
hard to rise above and go beyond
that is much harder to do than
to imagine. So I keep search
find and discard. Involving my-
self with an entourage of intimate
acquaintances that don't satisfy me.
I feel even worse now than I did
when I started out to recover.

02/23/90

I can't begin to think why I must
be so promiscuous. It seems to me that
I just don't give a damn anymore.
But there are things I must accomplish
to get through this month. So I will
see what I can work out.

Feb 27, 1990

It's the funniest feeling
I've encountered in such a long time.
It's almost foreign to me. But I
shall try to put it into words.
I guess I should start
with the obvious. It's Kenny's 28th
Birthday and as far as I know he's in
jail in Albany. If I had wanted to
get in touch with him I would have,
or shall I say could have. Yet I
choose not to. There is a part of
me that desperately wants to reach
out and stay in touch with him.
Yet it's always the cold and calculating
one that says to hell with Kenny.
These memories of times shared and
our past should remain just that past.

2/28/90

It seems to me that I'm at a point between a rock and a hard place. Every time I think I see a way out, either my pride or my stubbornness get on my way. I guess it's all due to my financial situation. The bills are coming and piling up, and although I have the funds to relieve some of this pressure are on their way. It's just not going to come fast enough, nor is it going to be enough. Relief is on the way, that I'm sure of. Reason being, I'm going to do whatever is necessary to make sure that my needs are met.

02/21/90

E. Lloyd called me (returned my call)
after I arrived home from work late Wednesday
night.

His memory is so fresh on my mind, the
scent of him in my nostrils and how sweet it
is remembering that lazy weekend we spent
together. "I wanted to stay longer," he said,
"I had the time and a pure dollar." "Yeah,"
"well," I wouldn't have been ready for that
20, I said. I hate goodbyes

Feb 28, 96

Financially right now - I need
a wizard or a couple thousand dollars
to get me out of debt. Which is not
bad, yet I feel so vulnerable at
this point. Not having money to do
basic things is so frustrating.
Having no money limits you so
damned much.

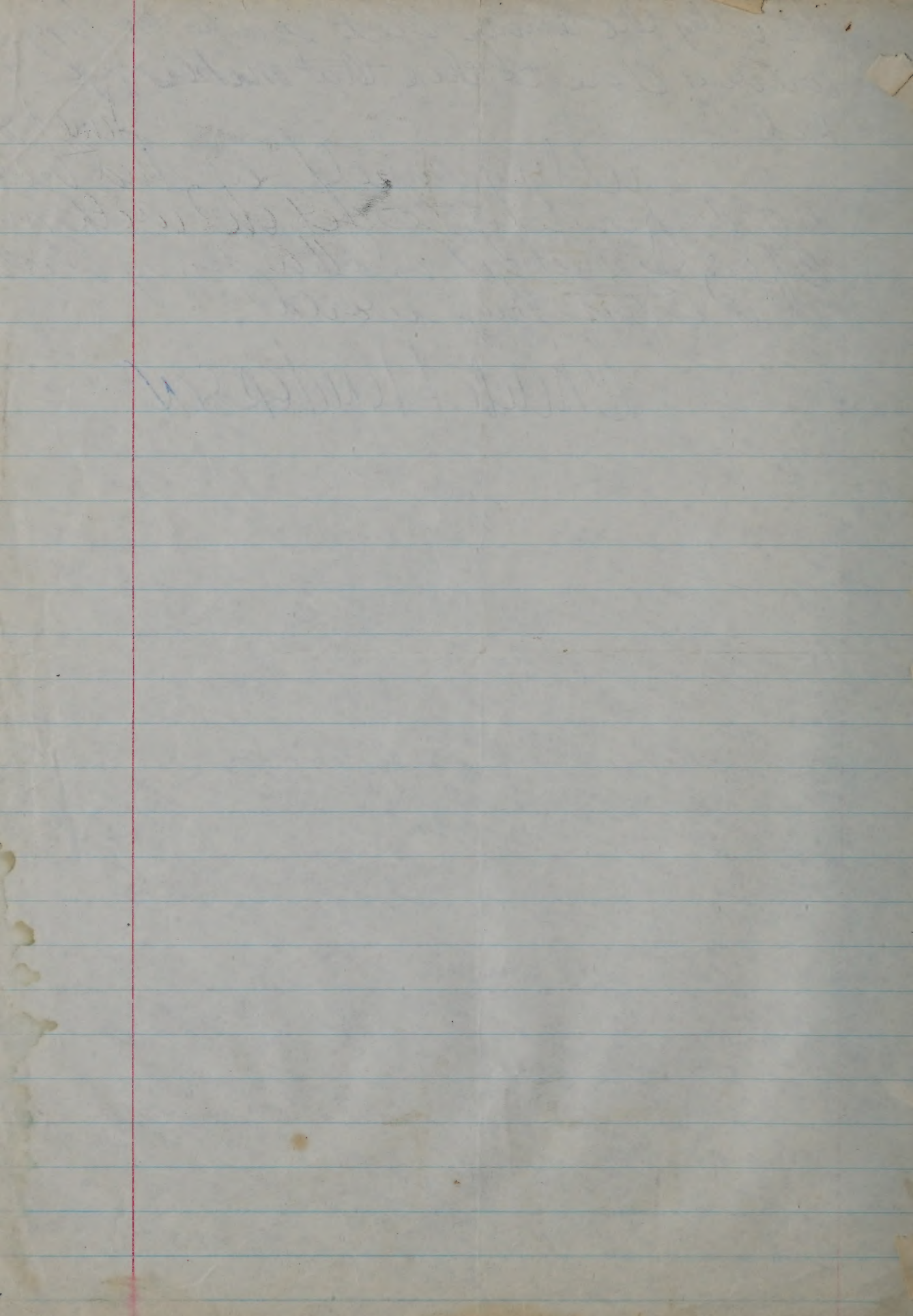
Then there's the matter
of my current entourage of
boyfriends & piece Wes - has
survived the longest Brian - in rehab, a
close 2nd Rever - Bahamian Octopus,
E. Lloyd Napier - my Jamaican Guy, and
last a flash from the past - Warren
Allen. Not to mention the ones
I've managed to sneak in between. My
head is in such a mess @ this point I
wonder who the hell I am & becoming.
~~What?~~ & probably a better question
to be asking. They all seem to be serving
one purpose or another but not one of them yet
fulfills all that I am. (Whatever all of these
people that exist in me make up.) Could
be I'm so afraid of trying to love again
that I'm looking over all these people

Have to offer. Probably not!
I don't know what the fuck I want.

Usually the things that make you happy
are very close to those that make you
sad.

June 12, 1989
Pulling myself up, and trying
so desperately to get on with my
life; I must get another young black
man enters my world.

Chuck Henderson

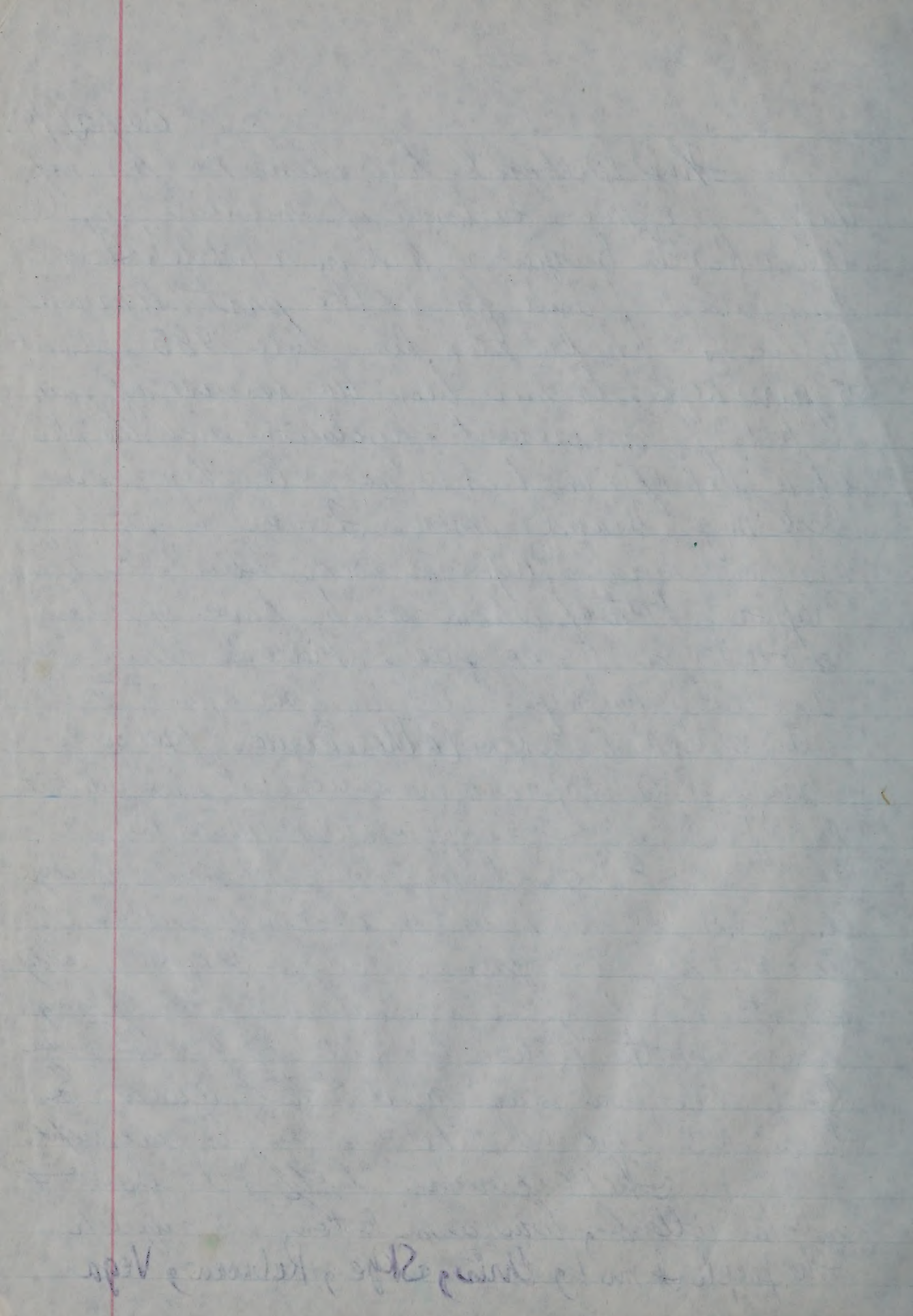


02/21/90

This weekend has been so many things for me. In terms of meeting people this was ^{one of} the busiest I had in a while. I even ran into a flame from the past (Warren Allen). I hadn't seen him since 1985, almost 5 years ago. He has been the source of quite a bit of amusement, agitation and the stir of a lot of emotion as well. Then there were my Island men. Trevor from the Bahamas and "My Jamaican Boy" E. Loyd Napier. Both of whom seem to have sparked something in me so free. Trevor's claim to fame is he's employed by his government and either attends or works at Morehouse. He is a different sorta guy - a conversationalist and intellect. The type I seem to be gravitating towards.

E. Loyd was my summer breeze for the weekend. My knight in shining armour. We met by intro from Freddy. I seen Freddy was so moved by his performance at the opening ceremony for the National Black Gay and Lesbian Conference, and was moved to tears. So he decided I would like him and he was right.

The Conference itself, the event I got to attend, was a milestone in my life. The people I met, Chris, Skye, Rebecca, Vega



Jason, and a few others were ~~all~~ were
all so diverse and individuals. It was such
a moving experience. Not to mention the fire they
pueled in mid. The latent activist they awoke.
And of course the conference brought E. Lloyd
into my life. ~~Id~~ a writer, director, producer, lawyer,
singer, terrific lover. ~~Id~~ the type guy I've
always dreamed of being involved with. ~~Id~~ was so
easy to Love and made Love so easy. I was dreaming
of him this morning, and I couldn't go back to sleep. I
guess that explains why I've been up for the last 2
hours. It's 5:38 am and I'm wide awake.

3/22/89

Today has not been a good one so far, so I know it can only get better. I can't seem to make myself work today, it's just not in me today. I've learned 2 very valuable lessons today. **They** will be lessons to live by from this point on. Stand on your ~~own~~ two feet, and stand alone. Depend upon yourself solely, and others will always be by your side. When making decisions, think over all your options - ~~take~~ the time out to make sure your decision is for your best interest. Once you've made your decision, let not man ~~shake~~ your ground. The pressure from those who don't understand you can get quite heavy sometimes - but trust ye in the Lord, and to thine own self **be true**.

8/11/89

It's so damn hard waking every morning to a life that's so unsatisfying. The things that wound me now are no more than life's little quirks. A job that's shitty, co-workers that are a bunch of racist ass-holes, no Love in my life and so on and so forth. But what else is there for me to do but to keep right on going. I can't just stop to do but to do as I always do but "keep on moving". Life doesn't end when the picture that once seemed perfect is distorted.

I can't sit around and vegetate over the loss of my first Love. For if it is destined that we should be together then we shall. For it is out of my hands for now and I have placed the care of the man I Love in the hands of a greater power. My soul has taken ~~over~~ such a different color. I'm trying so very hard to re-cooperate and repair my wounds from the toll that the weight of giving in to Love has taken on me. Opening up that way I have exposing all that are that is good has been such a ~~little~~ sweet experience. Now that this is becoming a thing of the past it's even worse. My way of dealing with such an intrusion is to let my sexual proclivities take over. The hand is loose. I want to be there, out on the floor dead center - ~~not~~ free all inhibition. Release all inhibition, an invitation to fuck. The way ~~you~~ would, if as it were an obsession.

Getting out of my system, no strings attached,
Nothing motivating me except the need to be totally
consumed in the act. Dominating, being in total
control, the law of the jungle prevailing.

One who knows my deepest secrets
and desires, maker and breaker. Be with me
always, There is something you are leading me
too - stay with me, let me lean on you.

Carl

8/15/89

So how does one even begin to put into perspective a whirlwind of events not common to one's normal regiment. Very carefully I would think. Over a period of let's say 2 weeks I've met several people with whom I'm attempting to get to know better. It all seemed to happen so very fast. I was quite alone and tormented for some time (and am now) after the dissolution of ~~my~~ relationship.

8/29/89

Can do?! Don't you know what the night
The night comes, casting shadows
upon hidden emotions uncontrollable desire.
Creeping around every corner, temptation.
Temptation in so many different guises. Calling
out to me in strange voices. I hear, but
I try hard not to respond. Let me rest, go
away!

8/30/89

Well I'm finally really beginning to
take the time to come to terms with all that I
am and that I'm becoming. Grasping it all is really
quite wonderful, yet exhausting and agitating at
the same time. I had a really out and out conversation
with Yenny tonight so I should sleep a lot easier
tonight.

6/9/81

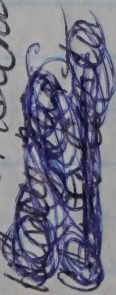
Today I guess I could say in the beginning of a new outlook on life for me. Today I've got to make a decision that is private only to me, but suspected by a lot of others and ~~not~~ ^{known} by only one. Today I'm going to try and decide if I should try to have homosexual relationships with other guys or just be straight, it, trying to hide it or ~~try~~ and find a nice kind, loving and handsome and muscular, if possible, love to have a little affair with. It just seems to me that my life isn't complete without sex in it (other than masturbation). Because I feel that sex is a part of love (which is something else I lack) and that I must have both or at least one preferably the first (sex). I feel so perverted sometimes, because of the way when I see a good looking guy or just your basic slightly built guy or any guy my mind always wonders what is it like to fuck with him? or how big is his dick?. When I go walking, jogging, to play tennis or any other thing where I might see guys those questions accompanied by pictures or visions always show up, usually embracing me with a hard on. Through masturbation and having visual contact with a guy one time I can fuck him or have him fuck me in the privacy of my own bathroom. Sometimes I can get a little carried away with this and I can

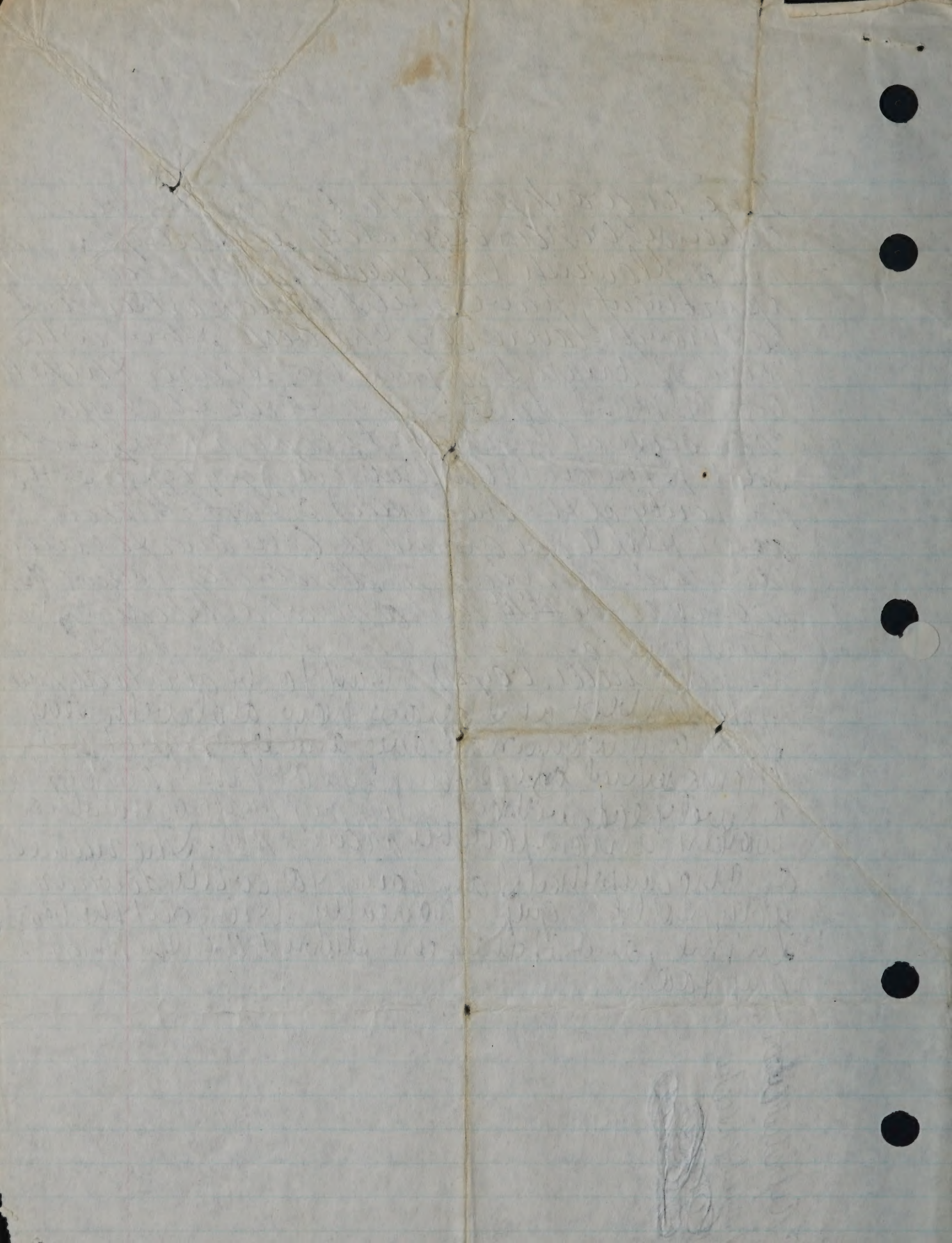
lead to minor and sometimes major problems.
What tomorrow holds for me I
don't know, love, hatred, death, or a
change of sexual, emotional, or ^{physical} ~~sexual~~
identity I don't know, but I do know that
I can make a difference in what is already
planned if I make a change within myself
for myself. But in this change what I really
want I just don't expect to make me
more popular and take away my role of just
another teenage faggot. Whatever it takes
I shall have to ~~make~~ face it alone.
There is no one who can share a burden
like this with me, but me. Sometimes I wish
for a heterosexually normal life, and
not that of a scared teenage homosexual
and a neurotic bisexual. I have had a
few (about 7) girls in my life and I do enjoy
pussy, but a man has what really pleases me
and my body. A man makes love enjoyable
sensual, hard but tender, and most of all
complete and this is what makes me want
more of ~~what~~ where it came from.) Then
when I'm out somewhere and see homo-
sexual couples together and see how ~~their~~ ^{their} ~~attitudes~~
attitudes differ so much from that of mine
and the love and sensuality in their eyes and
~~together~~ bodies makes me wish for the
type relationship they have, with
someone I love. My latent desire is
to become someone important in my

line or work, move to one of the big cities where homosexuality is pretty common and flourish beautifully, rent a nice apartment, have wild orgie parties and go through love life the week. This is the kind of dream I enjoy but scares the hell out of me. I don't want to be the type homosexual that most people are affiliated with, (the kind that like every guy to see as the majority of the one sex) or the kind that most people are afraid of (the ones who either dress up like women and actually believe they're women or the ^{type} that are macho, like dirty, hard sex, and hang out in rent room and have and molest little boys). I want to be able to do my job as best as I know how deal with sex, men and women all day and lead a quiet, just homosexual ~~life~~ personal life at home, and keep a level head, without making my male or female co-workers uncomfortable around me. The names of the guys that I am going to write down are going to be of guys who really bring out the beast in me, and it's they are stirred when the night is gay too.

* Alfred Hitchcock

* David L. Byrne





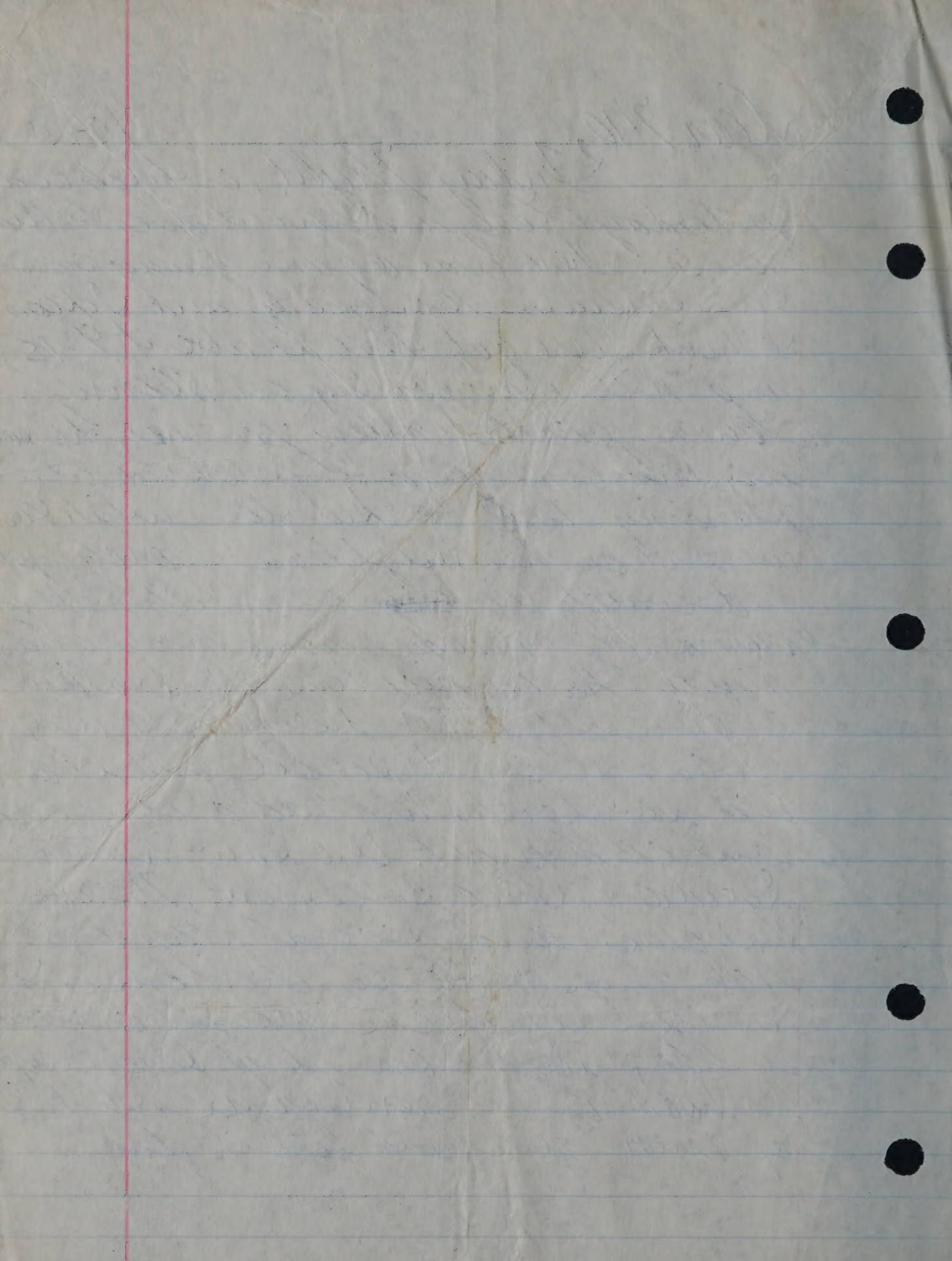
10-12-81

Hello, My name is Anthony
Carl Danisch, and I am a 16 yr. old
gay American. I enjoy being gay and
I will probably be gay for the rest of
my natural life. Having the title
gay doesn't mean I'm special, and I
hope it doesn't mean I'm strange,
but only that I have an irregular
sex life most of the time. I have
had sex with several girls on several
occasions and probably will in the
~~future~~ future, but ~~there~~ and I have
enjoyed it and them and probably
will in the future. Sex with men, guys,
boys, people of my own sex or what-
ever it is you want to say it
what I like the best. A man, knows
how a man wants to be loved, and
can please a man better in some aspects,
but not all. ~~Men, married or beauty,~~
~~strength, and so on~~ Men are just what
I like, there is no other way to say
it.

Dear Mr.

10-24-81

Friday Night, which was yesterday Leroy and I went over to Nick's house. There was a game going on in the stadium, Monaghan, and Sipton I think. We got there at about 9:15, and Nick was waiting on Monney. Lower porch waiting for us, he ^{saw} us and came down to where we were standing. We talked for a while then we sat on his neighbors porch, gossiped watch the ~~men~~ men folk as they passed by, gossiped some more and really had a nice time. We talked about each other, discussed the way we carry on at school and so on - and so forth. We had a very nice, but cold night. We saw Walter Gordon, Chice Baltimore, Marvin Douglas, and several other dude role guys ^{pass} ~~there~~ by the house. I really like Nick's neighborhood a lot, it's the old rough black neighborhood in the renaissance. It's full of men, girls, and lots of fun.

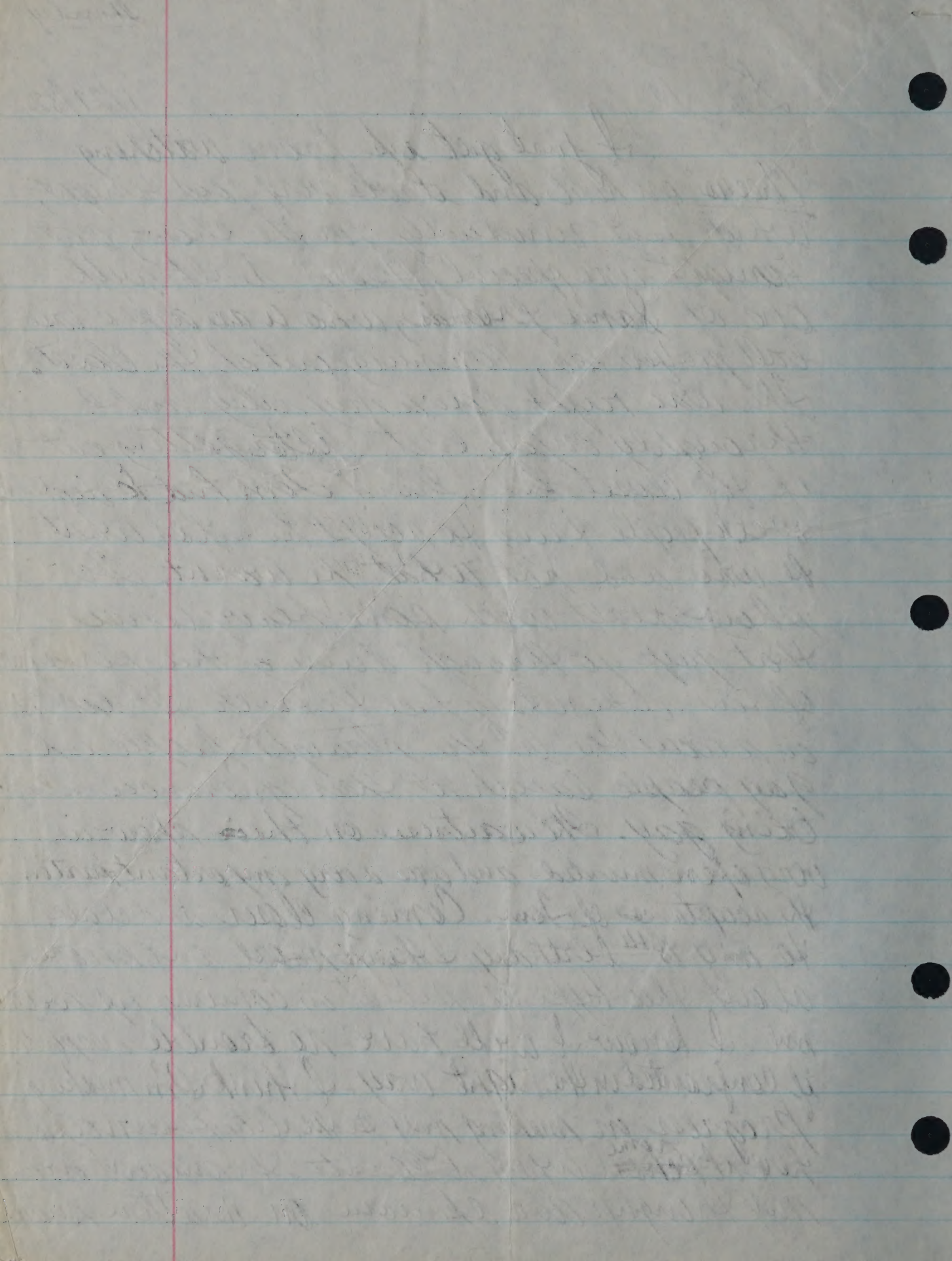


Thursday

Dear Me,

1/27/82

I just got up from watching "Cheers" on NBC and it was very good tonight, which isn't unusually for the show, but tonight was special. "Cheers" dealt with one of Sam's friends, who was a pro baseball player too, coming out of the closet. This was right down my alley, and I thoroughly enjoyed it. After getting out of the closet Sam's friend Tom had to deal with people trying to accept him for what he was and not what he wasn't. The show dealt with some heavy issues that guys go through during this period of time when they face the truth. It did it in a way the both the straight people and gay people laugh at their ignorance about being gay. The waitress on the show is very open minded and was a very important part in the acceptance of Tom. Coming closer and closer to my 18th birthday I think more and more about this type of situation coming up with me. I know I will have no trouble responding if confronted in the right way. I think I'm making progress in making my sexuality known especially here at ~~school~~^{home} where it counts. I can't wait to put my thoughts and opinions on matters more



- So than I used to. I guess it's because I'm becoming more and more adultlike about these things as the yrs. go on increasingly. I should hope so anyway. As far as the situation at school, I think I've read enough people in a style that lets them know about me being gay, but that I demand respect from them, no matter what. I think I get it too. Don't bark up my tree. I want choppy down.

After going through what I did with Legnaldi, I'm ready to go through my whoring stage. I want to have every guy a AHS that I so desire, and if it's all possible I will do just that. The guys at school that know what I'm all about and are interested are giving me true love, but being the grand dame that I am I handle each one with a certain style that "dumbfounds em" all. At the present time I'm working on getting a ~~few~~ ^{couple} of em at a time. If you catch my drift.

XX Grace
Yes! Yes!

ALBANY HIGH SCHOOL

CLASS OF

Monday, May 31, 1983

83

Today is the first Monday in quite a while that I've felt O.K.

Usually I'm very sick or tired on Mon., but today I feel O.K., just a bit sleepy.

I had a great weekend, for the most part, I spent half the day at Chow-haw Park, Angela Stroble's house, & a great grad-party later that night. Saturday morning I had a trick. It was one of my old friends. It was great. ^{Received} ~~Received~~ totally, and it was great. I've been such a dirty little fool since I got it. It's something I want to do more in the future.

Right now I feel ready for
anything. Big, small, medium,
no matter what the size of the
problem is. I welcome these problems
now, because I can deal with
them totally, and welcome the coming
of more. There were also a few
there misunderstandings this weekend
as well, but I think they're about to
blow over now.

Dear Me

Today is Monday, and the first day of the month of February. Like all Mondays I'm caught up in problems and homework. We ~~just~~ just returned from spending a nice weekend in Atlanta, celebrating my birthday. I had a very nice time, I met nice people, did nice things and just really had a great time. Valentine's weekend I plan to go back for another visit. That should be a very interesting weekend. I've visited Atlanta twice this year and for some time in 4 months last yr. Out of all the time I've visited, I've never had sex with anyone there. Not that I haven't had the chance or invitations, but I was a bit scared and apprehensive about it. I haven't had a sizable dick in my ass for quite some time, until I recently got held to a wild man in the back seat of a car at Macky's. He showed me that I needed to do something to loosen up my pussy, before I try anything else, boy I'm sort of glad I had that particular experience. I'm glad as hell that it didn't happen in Atlanta. There are so many people

There that I want, but I'm just too
scared to go after them because I
know what they'd expect, and after
my experience with the jingle man
I knew that I was in no condition to
have anyone riding me. Big or small
I hope to be able to throw down all fears
of not performing well in bed, get rid
of my tight ass, and be the sanicles
fucking all night girl I used to be.

Life here in this little fire town
ain't about shit, it's full of shit.

Queens and undersexed boys looking
for ~~some~~ ^{some} ~~young~~ ^{young} ~~sexy~~ ^{sexy} ~~girls~~ ^{girls} ~~to~~ ^{to} ~~fuck~~ ^{fuck} ~~them~~ ^{them} ~~like~~ ^{like} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~hell~~ ^{hell} ~~they~~ ^{they} ~~do~~ ^{do}
~~there~~ ^{there} ~~they're~~ ^{they're} ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~out~~ ^{out} ~~for~~ ^{for} ~~the~~ ^{the} ~~same~~ ^{same} ~~thing~~ ^{thing}. Get off
in some ~~little~~ ^{little} discreet place and keep everything
quiet, or out of the streets, so that they won't
have to go through hell when people hear about.
They don't think about you, the little punk who
they got involved with, they don't worry about
the hell you go through, they don't care
about the name you are called, the scars you
carry, or the pain you endure, but get and
shut they want you to be raring to go when
they call again. If I have anything to
say, or any control over what happens

my senior yr. in high school, (which
which I will not be attending school here
in Albany. There is no kind of life for
me here what so ever, Emotionally, or
sexually. The people are the pits, the townyer
the pits, it's just an all around
bummer. I plan to move away from
Albany this summer, vacationing with
my mother, but eventually finding a
job and then staying there while I finish
my senior yr. in high school there.
Atlanta offers a lot to me, it's
where I'm happy at, living a life of freedom,
no more pretending, no more watching my
speech in my own home, no more the daily
running, looking for a place to be loved,
at last have sex, freedom, in the literal
sense of the word, freedom, freedom!
Oh, when I can at last see and live in
those times, I can truly say I am free
at last. This would make me so
happy and relieved to know that I am
me and no one else, the role provides for
myself.

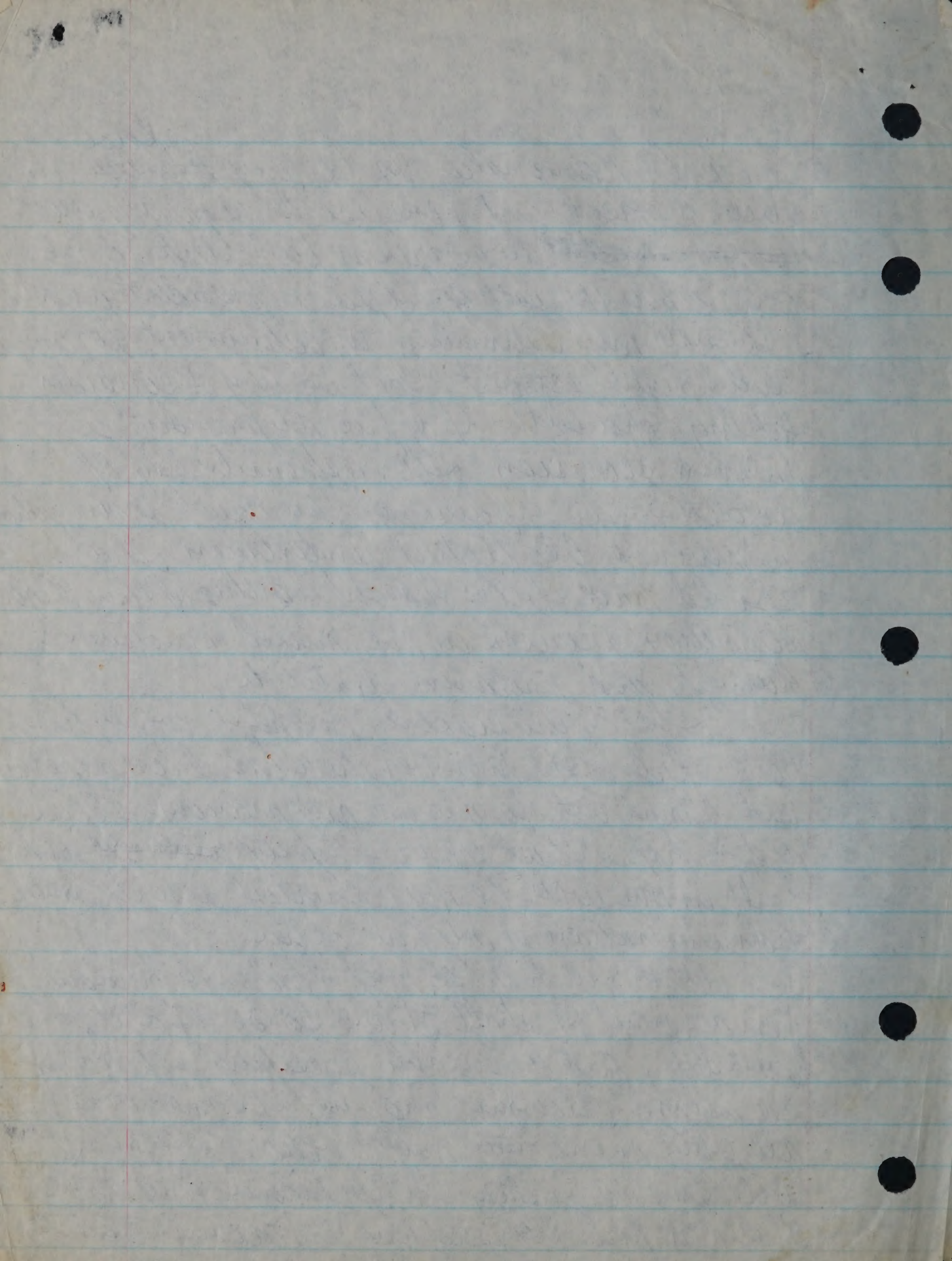
2/1-3/82

I'm discovering so much about myself lately until it's beginning to be one deep trip. The limits to which I seem to drift for sexual encounter are again getting broader and more intensified. The things I do, and get away with astound me. The things I say baffle me and the frequency with which I would like to have them are phenomenal. Thank God I don't have them or after awhile I'd be. I am destined to a life full of the experience of its wonderment. And the more and more I experience the more.

To be nominated to be any ~~position~~ ^{office} in such a great and beneficial organization ~~was and still is~~ is a dream fulfilled to me. and to take the oath of office as president is what I consider my ultimatum in achievement for any civil rights activist. That is why I consider taking this oath of office as president a solemn occasion. The responsibility of directing the affairs of this great organization is never to be lightly undertaken. That I should have been thought worthy of this high distinction arouses in me mixed emotions of humility and profound gratitude.

The enthusiastic support which has come from the membership has been inspiring and stimulant to me in my previous office and I hope that your loyalty ~~will be~~ and faith in me will be my greatest assets in the administration of my new office.

With the help of my Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, I shall strive to be capable, reliable, and a humble presiding officer in so doing I solemnly promise the members and all other minorities my ^{unwavering} devotion to them. I will try to justify the confidence they have placed in me by accepting the nomination



with pride and gratitude and a full heart
in hopes that I can do my job to the utmost
to make the best better.

with friends and relatives and a few others
in hopes that the day has not yet
come when the first letter.

Anthony Carl Swisch 11/2/82

Eulogy Speech

The life of
the person I
am eulogizing

His life was the epitome of courage,
vision, and deep faith in a cause
worthy of emulation by all who
love their fellowman, but I feel no
one will ever again embody all his
faith; his courage, ^{or} his dedication for
service. The character of ~~his~~ his short
lived life might be summed up in a
few words; he was sincere, he was earnest,
he was loyal ^{and} he was self-sacrificing.
He was considered to be a modern day
"Moses". For just as Moses led his people
out of bondage he led us out of the
worst kind of bondage - that of the mind.
Yes Dr. Martin Luther King Jr. was truly a
major factor in the unshackling of American
oppressed people. He helped to restore the
dignity, pride, and that powerful attitude
that our ancestors had ~~so many yrs~~
~~ago~~. He taught us that all men are
created equal. He looked beyond our
faults and saw our needs. We will
always ~~mourn~~ the death of a man so
great, and we can only hope that in the
future there will be no need for a man

1991

1991

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1991

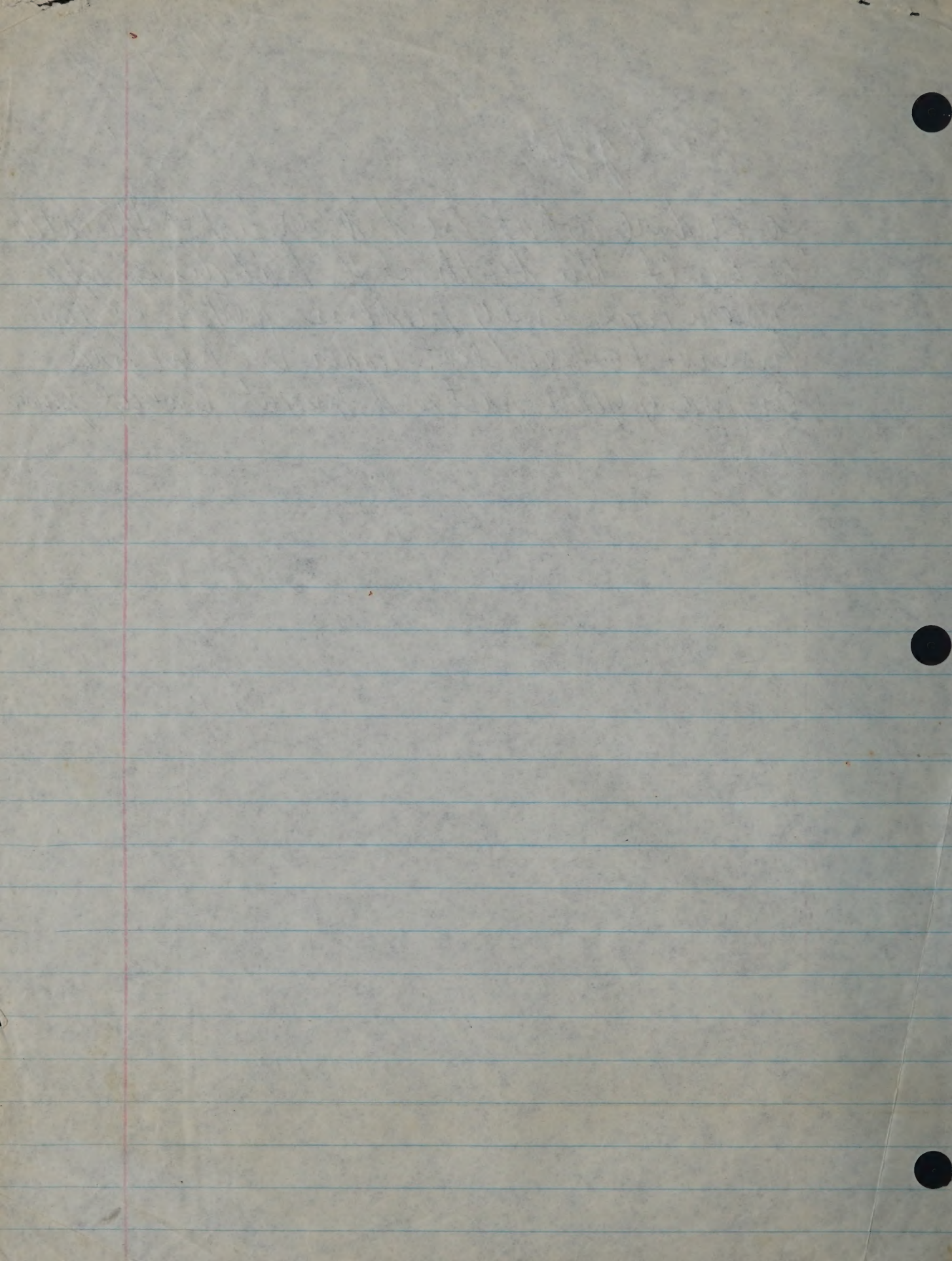
1991

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to endure what he did, or fight the battle
he fought. His death at the hands of opp-
ressors was truly needless. When we lost
him we lost the best leader we have had
in many years past and present, but we gained
a lot.



Pet Paves

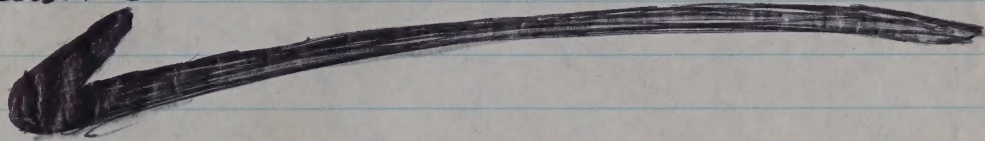
Inbros - Cloud Sitters

Homophobes - Close minded people -

Ext. Prejudiced People -

Religious Fanatics -

Idiots -

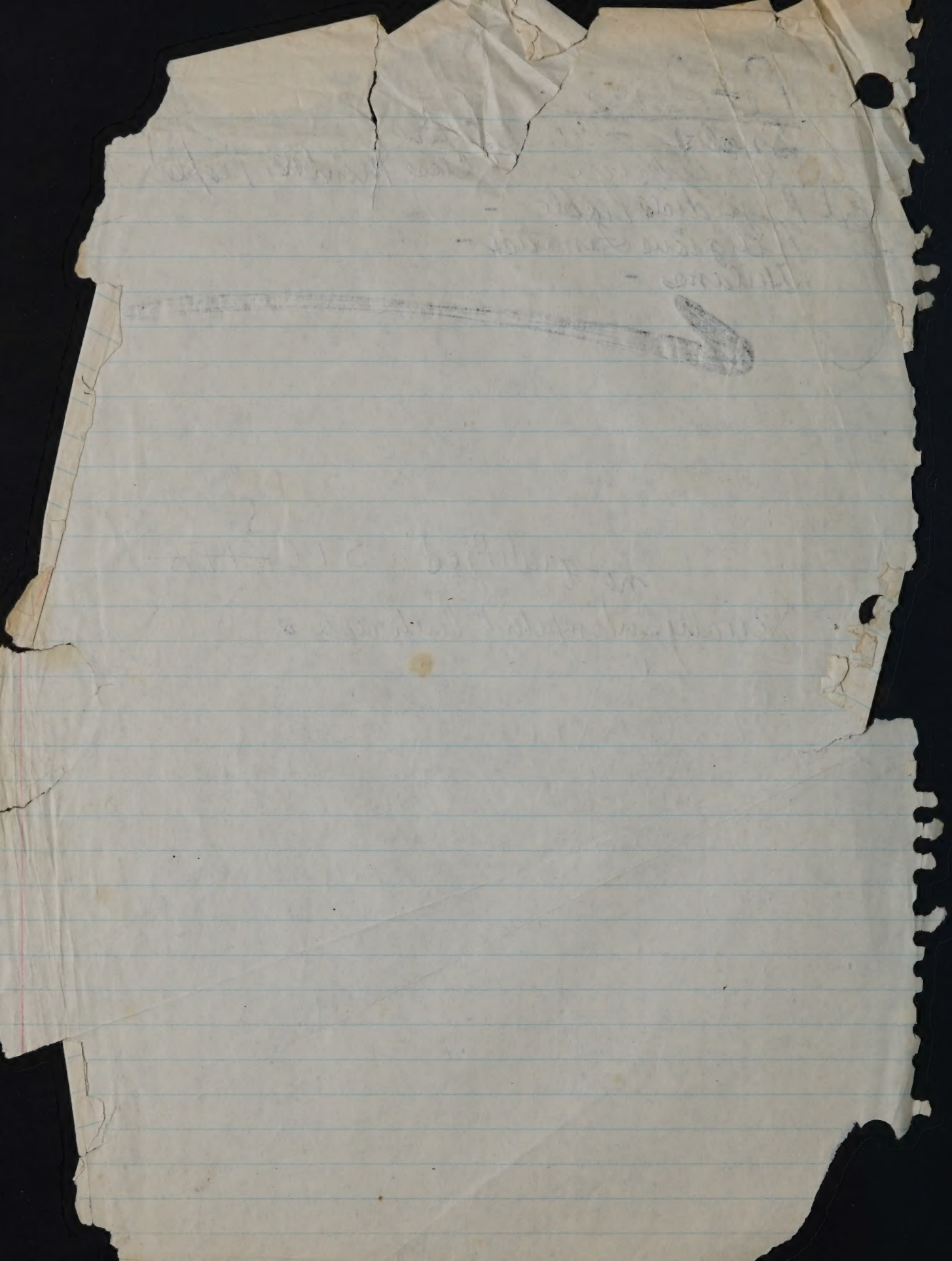


not qualified ^S SICKIES

Socially Incompetent Cutthroats

Good evening, My name is Anthony
Danish. Those of you who know me know
that when I like something I like it, and when I
dislike something I dislike it.

That being the case I decided to speak
you on a group of people I dislike. SIC



12/18/82

Dear Me, Sorry I haven't
written my thoughts down a such a
long time, but I've been so busy
lately that I don't have the time.
My job saps all the energy from
me so that by the time I get home
I'm very tired and after I cool
out in the bathroom and watch
TV I hit the sac. This job is
really taking my nerve and I feel
(I know!) like it's leading me no-
where. It has no benefits, I'm over-
worked and underpaid, and sometimes
treated like I lack average intelligence.
All of which tend to build up to
the point of boiling by the end of
the week. So the weekends aren't any
better a time for me to get much
done besides shopping and sometimes
a little washing. Hopefully next
year won't be like this one. I'm hoping
it'll be much better. There's just so
much I want to get done or shall
I say accomplished as result of
my New Year's resolution.

interview. He didn't tell us and Bernard found out so that's the end of the household. Bernard said that he would put his stuff in storage this weekend and find somewhere to stay at the beginning of the week. This leaves me in desperation about who to go with, when to turn to and every other problem that can arise from a household dissolving. My only hope is that I can get Bernard to reconcile and to sit down and have a talk with Freddie and I about the way things are going to have to be if he is to stay and hope and pray to God that it works. I want Bernard to stay mainly because I love him and I do think of him as a motherly figure and he's my friend and confidant. Although I might take my wanting him to mother me too seriously. This and more will have to change if he is to stay.

1:05 AM
6/1/82

Dear Me,

So far I've been here about 1 1/2 weeks and it's been the best of times but the worst of times. I've been working + going out to clubs, movies, BWMT meetings + game parties + ~~more~~. I've met lots of new and interesting people. So in that aspect it's been just great, but when I ~~think about~~ ^{think about} the appreciation I've been caused due to these outings, it just makes me more frustrated. To see so many lovely, fine, muscular, attractive guys and not know? how to approach them. Being love starved isn't exactly the worlds greatest feeling, or its worst. But its one of the hits in the emotional epitome of the soul, mind, + heart. Affecting all 3 in a way that hurts deeply.

→ 1:10 / 7/1/82 Well, things haven't gotten any better from the last time I sat down to collect my thoughts on paper, but there's not getting worse either, so I think there's still some hope for me. Tomorrow I think I'll start getting out of the house a little more, that should prove to be a little more exciting than usual. I think I'll try and be a little more active than usual. I really don't know

How much longer I can go without
having a bed warmer, comforter,
a partner in sex or love ~~and~~ mate
so to speak. That's been one thing
that has bothered me all this
summer, but another problem that
has bothered me deeply is if I
get to spend my senior yr. here
in Atlanta or not.

Dear Me, 8/18/02
Today is my last day at
home of a three day vacation before
I have to go back ~~home~~ Atlanta for
2 1/2 wks. to work. I must say that
my stay in Atlanta this summer
has just been great. It's been a tremendous
learning experience for me.
The month I spent up there
really gave me a hell of a lot of freedom,
flexibility, as well as numerous other
small qualities and durabilities.
I am peace with myself, and at the
moment that is all I need to help
me get through it all. The shit the
homophobic society can dish out I can
deal with. I take being gay a form
of lifestyle suitable for me, it's my
cross to bear, and I bear it well.
The only slight burden I have now
is getting it all out in the open with
my family, although I am prepared.
I do need time to find the right way
and moment to tell them. I can
remember all the hell I've taken ~~previously~~
previously, and laugh now ~~that~~
at the way I can handle it now.

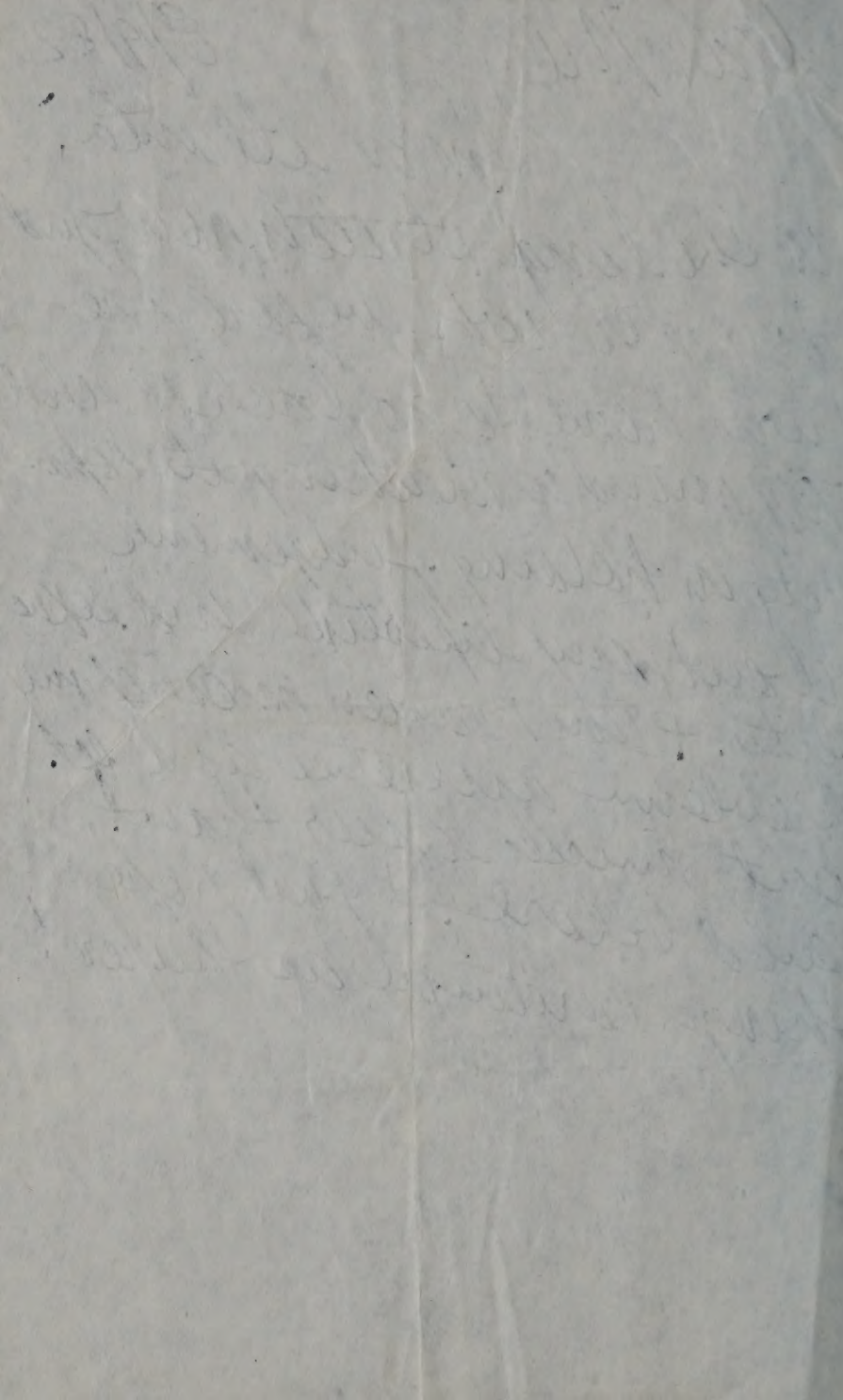
Knowing I'll be back at a HS next
yr. isn't really all that bad, nor good
but something I will have to live
with. I'm hoping that I'll will just
give me more time to hear even more
about the ways of homophobic people
and then more time to learn about
me. My Life is in my hands now,
and I shall live it the way that I
want to. I have a whole yr. to
decide where to and what's going
to be my next home, school and
so on and so forth. I have some
big decisions to make, and I do
plan to make them carefully. I
pray for the Lord to guide me
in the right direction, so that I won't
stumble along the way.

Anthony Carl
Danish

Dear Mel,

8/19/82

I'm in Atlanta,
in the long stretch now, just
2 or more wks, before I re-
turn home to go back to school.
My mind is reaching its capa-
city in holding judgement
about my lifestyle and sexua-
lity. I can reason most of my
problem anxieties and get
out, much easier than I
could before. I just hope
things continue as they are!



Dear Me,

9/6/82

Right now I'm having some problems adjusting to regular school routine. The reason is because I'm not quite ready for a change in my state of mind, but I'm going to have to just to survive. I'm going to show the people at that damn school that I'm one proud ass gay motherfucker, and that I refused to be stepped on, ridiculed, or not ^{to receive} ~~receiving~~ as much respect as I give to them. I am human, and I am a young man, so I fuck that shit that blab all the time. I am me, and that is the only imitation I do, myself. I think my friend Vickie is finding out she's not as liberal, open minded, or uncaring as she thinks. It seems that the few on us who are gay and acquainted with her as friends seem to bring that side out in the rest of her friends. She's probably thinking there aren't any pussy loving men around anymore. But I think I just lay low in her presence from now on. I'm beginning to find out that my summer in Atlanta enriched

11/18/84
The Right Honourable

Dear Sir,
I have the pleasure to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 11th inst. in relation to the matter of the proposed amendment to the Charter of the City of Toronto.
I am sorry that I am unable to provide you with a more definitive answer at this time, as the matter is still under consideration by the relevant committees.
I will be sure to keep you informed of any developments and will contact you again as soon as a final decision has been reached.
Thank you for your patience and understanding.
Yours faithfully,
[Signature]

my mind and my militant qualities
about being gay a little too much.
It seems as though most of the
children here in Albany think that all
hell's damnation shall be their re-
ward for being gay. When on the other
hand believe that, if you are true to
thine ownself, and your feelings ~~to~~
~~you of love~~ ~~to the Lord~~ ~~to the Lord~~
~~to the Lord~~ ~~to the Lord~~ ~~to the Lord~~
~~to the Lord~~ ~~to the Lord~~ ~~to the Lord~~
~~to the Lord~~ ~~to the Lord~~ ~~to the Lord~~
~~to the Lord~~ ~~to the Lord~~ ~~to the Lord~~
~~to the Lord~~ ~~to the Lord~~ ~~to the Lord~~

are ~~the~~ truly feelings of love, then
love can't be wrong, because it what
gets people through their lives and makes
the world go around, so if it love
the Lord won't mind. I honestly
believe this, because out all the yrs.
that I used to pray to God to "change"
me, and it never came about, then he
must not mind. This is exactly what
has given me the peace that I have with
myself about being gay. I wasn't always
the militant and liberal and concerned.

[illegible]

I used to think that being gay was weird
also, like so many others, but fortunately
there were people next to the Father that
helped me to see that I was deeply wrong.
I only wished that some if not all
of my friends could find this out
within themselves. I am so glad
that I feel this way, ^{because} I don't have
to worry about feeling guilty or
ashamed after I get out of bed
with whomever the guy may be for
the night, wk, month, yr. or that
particular stage of my life.

Lovingly Yours
Anthony Carl Danisch

I find it to think that long papers
also, like for money others, but for
that we people that is for the
helped me to get that down
I only wanted that some of
of my friends could find the
written themselves. I was so glad
that I feel this way about
to be very about feeling
in the world that I get out of
with others even the only way
the right, but, money, etc. in that
position of my life.

Very truly,
John P. [unclear]

Dear Me,

9/12/82

Today is the second Sunday in this month, which is youth Sunday at our church. So I got up & went to Sunday School & Morning Service at our Church. Rev. Ray Williams was our guest speaker and as usual the Junior Choir sang. The Rev. had a very good sermon; and I really tried to listen attentively to him. He really did a great job, and I enjoyed him. There were several children in audience, including the trial pianist Jimmy — who like me is still in high school. I just looked at him, the preacher, the children in the audience and even at myself, and I said in my mind the homophobic society still continues today that ~~good~~ ^{God} doesn't use children in his work. Why withdraw us, I think that most churches would lack so many things, including preachers, pianist, and some of their best church choir members. So being at peace with myself, and I like to think with God, I say this statement is just another saying to keep children in the closets.

Later on that afternoon, I went to a concert at Union Baptist in East Albany, that their young adult Chorus was putting on. Again I saw even more children in the congregation of this church and quite a few in the Chorus. All serving the same Lord & God as the majority of the ~~body of~~ Homophobic society, praising his name in the same way & yet there weren't any lightning bolts or hell fire thrown upon us for being there. So from that I contend that God is satisfied with, after all we are this way by ~~our~~ innate means which we had no control over. So many of the children in the audience, I'm sure, probably don't even agree with me on this, after being brainwashed for some many yrs. by the homophobic society. But having a mind that reasons, thinks, and motivates on its own unique wavelength from that of others they should be able to see this for themselves and yet they do not. What a shame!

Dear Me, Today is the second day
of the New Year of 1983 and I'm here
sitting on my bed thinking over my
vacation in Atlanta, my conversations
with my friends and my "lover" Legimade
Jones. Oh and my bitch for a sister
Lottie.

My Vacation in Atlanta
was quite cute. I enjoyed myself
but I didn't quite get to do what
I wanted to do. Well I say more.
I met a few new people and made
some friends. Then there's always
the old faces that provide warming
conversation. The Club were really
bumping and I bump right in
with the rest of the children. Leroy
bugged me a lot at first, for a
reason only I can understand, but
I was glad when he got a piece B.T.
Spard a friend of Bernard's from
Columbus who now lives in
Atlanta on the west end, and
he spent a lot of time with him
~~Friday~~ and Saturday and Sunday.
Rudy, Bernard and I got a
chance to have another one of
our talks about the gay issue and
its problems and enjoyments.

The same kind we had all summer.
I was really pleased with Larry.
He has come a long way from the
Shrinking Violet he used to be. He
doesn't just listen and take any-
more he defends himself and
he does a damn good job of
it now. 1/3/82.

→ Well I'm at school right
now in my 3rd period physics class.
Last night I called Leroy and
got the ka on P.T. and him. Then
after hearing him tell all about
his night of marathon sex I was
feeling a bit cheered and sadden.
Later Daniel called with for news
he had to tell me. I had called
him once before and he told me that
he didn't give Reginald my message
because of some reason he didn't care.
To talk about over the phone
right then because his sister
and her boyfriend were in the room.
Anyway he gave me the dirt as
soon as I got off the phone with
Leroy. It seems that Reginald
also goes with a guy that graduated
from Monroe a few years
back who is a swimmer. They

B

He found out by Greg who was over at the house that ^{when} Reginald came to pick the guy up, and the other twin told Greg that Reginald was his brother's lover. This didn't upset or make me upset, which was surprising to me. The reason for this is my vacation. I was away from him, and I had time to think and get my shield back up, to put my armor back on, and get my strength renewed to be able to deal with this part of thing or situation.

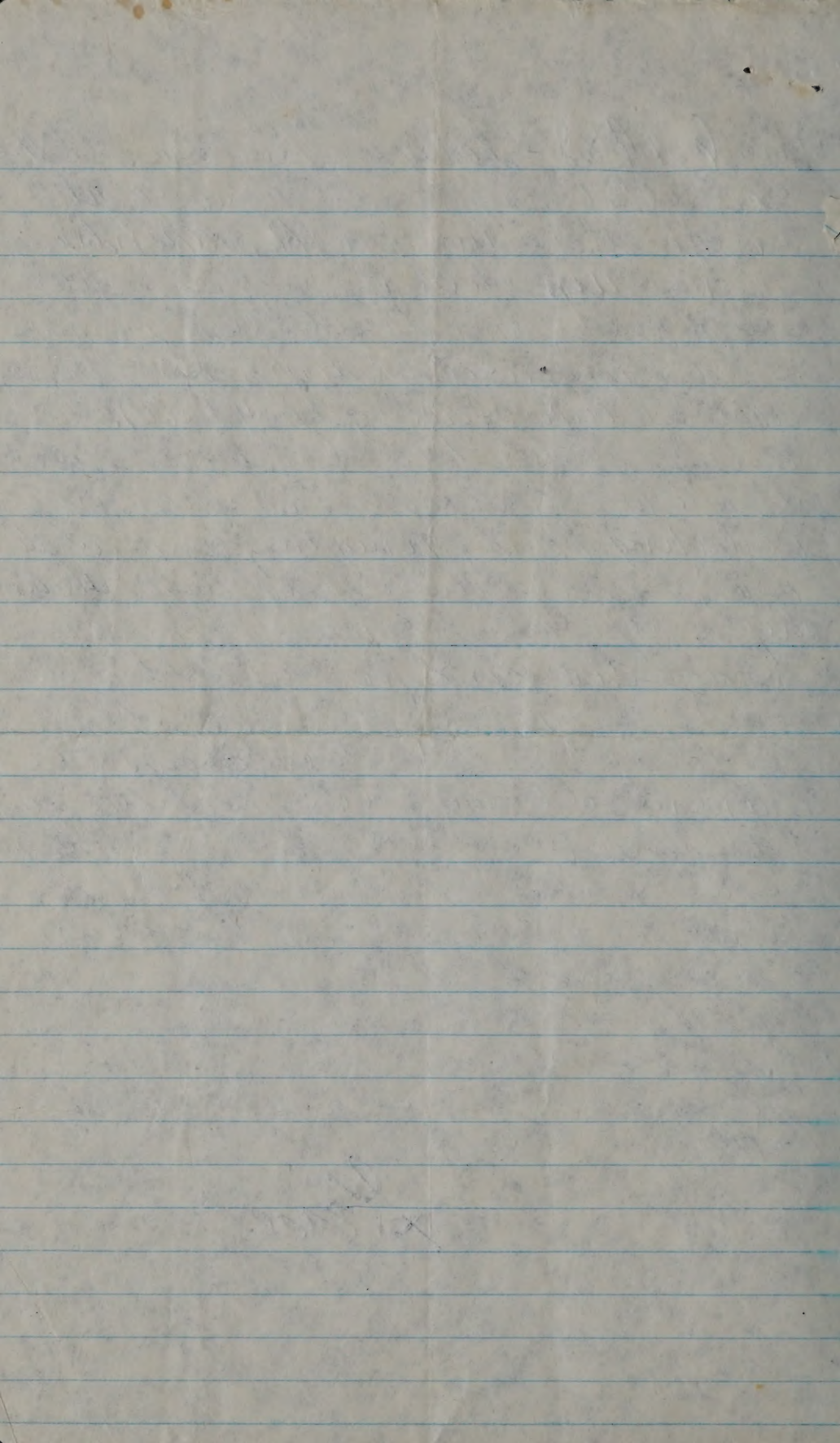
Reginald called that night at about 11:20 and we talked a few minutes and he said he would call me back after the newscast.

When he ~~let~~ called back at first I was a bit nonchalant until he called it to my attention and my tone changed so that I could tickle with his mind. All right while we talked on the phone I picked with his mind about what Daniel told me and about his supposedly being bisexual and other little issues we quite resolved yet. We got off the phone at about 1:30 or a 15 to 2:00. We've made plans for dinner tonight at about 7:30.

we're suppose to discuss these
things and a few other things as
well. This conversation could mean
the end of a hectic relationship or
the starting of a beautiful one.
That will be totally in the hands
of Mr. Jones, I think I am equipped
to hold up no matter what
happens.

Jan. 6, 1983 - Today is Thursday and the
most school day I can't wait to get
through it. I live for the weekends.
Weekends run through my veins, weekends
shine in mine eyes, weekends light up my
face, and these weekend airt make for a
Nichelobe either (if you get my drift). This
weekend, I hope, will bring my lover
and I closer together and tie us in an
everlasting bond, unique, and whole-
some, ~~of~~ mutualistic, bonding relation-
-ship. I hope that he cares for me as
much as I care for him and that if we
can't see things out of the eyes of the
other then come to a compromise or
agreement, although I like the little spats
or disagreement we have, they keep
our relationship alive and vibrant. I
always have lived a good challenge
to my shield of steel, my armour ~~deluge~~
I can only say that if I'm given the chance
to make a change in Reginald's life
the change I'll make will be for the
better not the worst.

Grace



Dear Me, January 15, 1983

Today is the day ~~and~~ the
birthdate of one our country's most
profound philosopher, minister, peace keeper
and maker and civil rights leaders in
the history of this country and yet because
he was a black man who stood up for the rights
of blacks and all minorities his birthdate is not
a national holiday. I listened to tributes
to Dr. King all day and heard his speeches
over and over again and each time they nearly
brought tears to my eyes. The man was great a
pillar amongst grain of sand he was a ~~st.~~
I said all this to say that today I have been
thinking over all my past 17 yrs. of life and my
first couple of wks. of my 18th yr of life. I wonder
if it will be like those past yrs. or if it will
hold new adventures for me, new lands to see,
new ground to walk upon or if life will cease.
For so long I have waited for this magic yr.
and this magic age (1983-18 yrs. old), ~~and this~~
~~and this~~ knowing this will ^{mean} ~~mean~~
graduation and the start of a new life for
me. I knew this yr. ~~would~~ would hold magic
powder in the air to sprinkle on me to give me
wings to fly away on, but I found out quickly
that this would not be happening.



But the things that have happened for me in my 18th yr so far are o.k. The latter part of my 17th yr was really good or I guess I could say basically my whole 17th yr was good. If my 18th yr just makes a few improvements on some things that happened last yr. I will have a great yr.

I do realize that I'm maturing at a pace ahead of most of the children here in Albany my age in or out of the closet and I like that. But like everything it has its advantages and disadvantages. I enjoy being able to have a solid opinion on an issue of great controversy and being able to express my thoughts and ideas on the issue, pro and con. I like to elaborate on things when asked why I think the way I do or why I believe what I believe. The only thing that sometimes gets me into hot water in my militancy. I don't let it slow me down.

At this point in my life my views of the gay lifestyle and the gay black male are pretty solid. I accept what I am, gay, I know that I cannot change, nor do I wish to do so, I do not believe that gay people as a whole are going to burst hell wide open, although I do



realize that there are some of us who aren't
members of any religion denomination or wanted
to be, I know what I want out of this life,
a mate or intimate companion, male, whom
I can share my life and love with as partners
in this life. I don't think that hatred, disgusting,
against the word of God, or any other of the things
homophobic or straight society, preach about two
men being in love.

I have reached a point in my life where
I no longer feel a need to be a part of a crowd, and
I like to stress non-conformity and individualism,
although I don't take it to the extremes in either
case. I sometimes dress a bit avant garde or renegadeish,
I like my hair like one of my idols, Eoc Jones, & then
my idol in the sense that I love her music - I talk totally
different from most folks at school a lot of the time, and
I'm just all and all me. Although I haven't told all
of my closest of friends about my gayness I think they
all sense it. I lost the desire to defend myself a
lot of the time when I'm called names, not because
I'm scared, because people amuse ~~at~~ by the way
they respond to me, because I usually get the last
word in these kind verbal debates, disagreements,
or ~~arguments~~ ^{disputes} with these people and it usually a
humdinger, signifying that I've read another where.



Right now I'm debating with myself about
going to school at all next semester. I really
would like to be in Atlanta for several
reasons and I need to be here at home for
several reasons as well. Well, maybe
by the time I've decided I'll be too late,
and that will be the last of my worries.

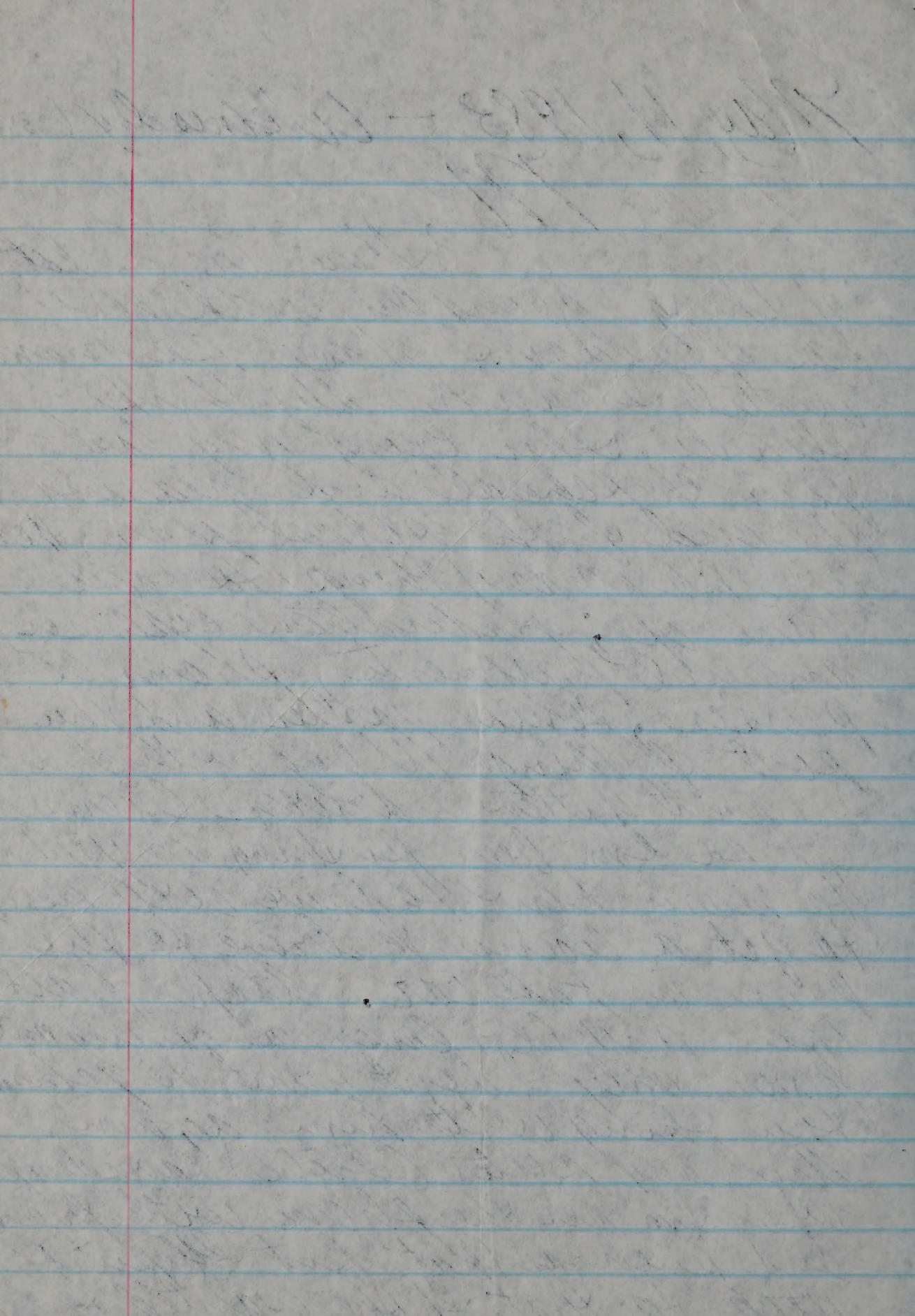
Now, last year in December, early,
I got involved with a newspaper reporter here in
Albany. He was employed by Ch. 10 our local news
station. At first it was nice and very filling and
I was in love with the thought of being in love and
having a husband. Well, one thing lead to
another and I was hurt once by this man -
Reynold Jones. Although I'm still supposed to
be his lover it is coming to an end, as matter
of a fact the next time I see him it will end. I
just let myself be guided foolishly that time, but
I learn from my mistakes and it won't happen
again. The sex was good the first two times
but the 3rd time left me hot and bothered because
he couldn't keep it up - probably because he had
somebody before he came to see me. The un-
even number did it to me. Now I'm on my way
to bigger and better things.



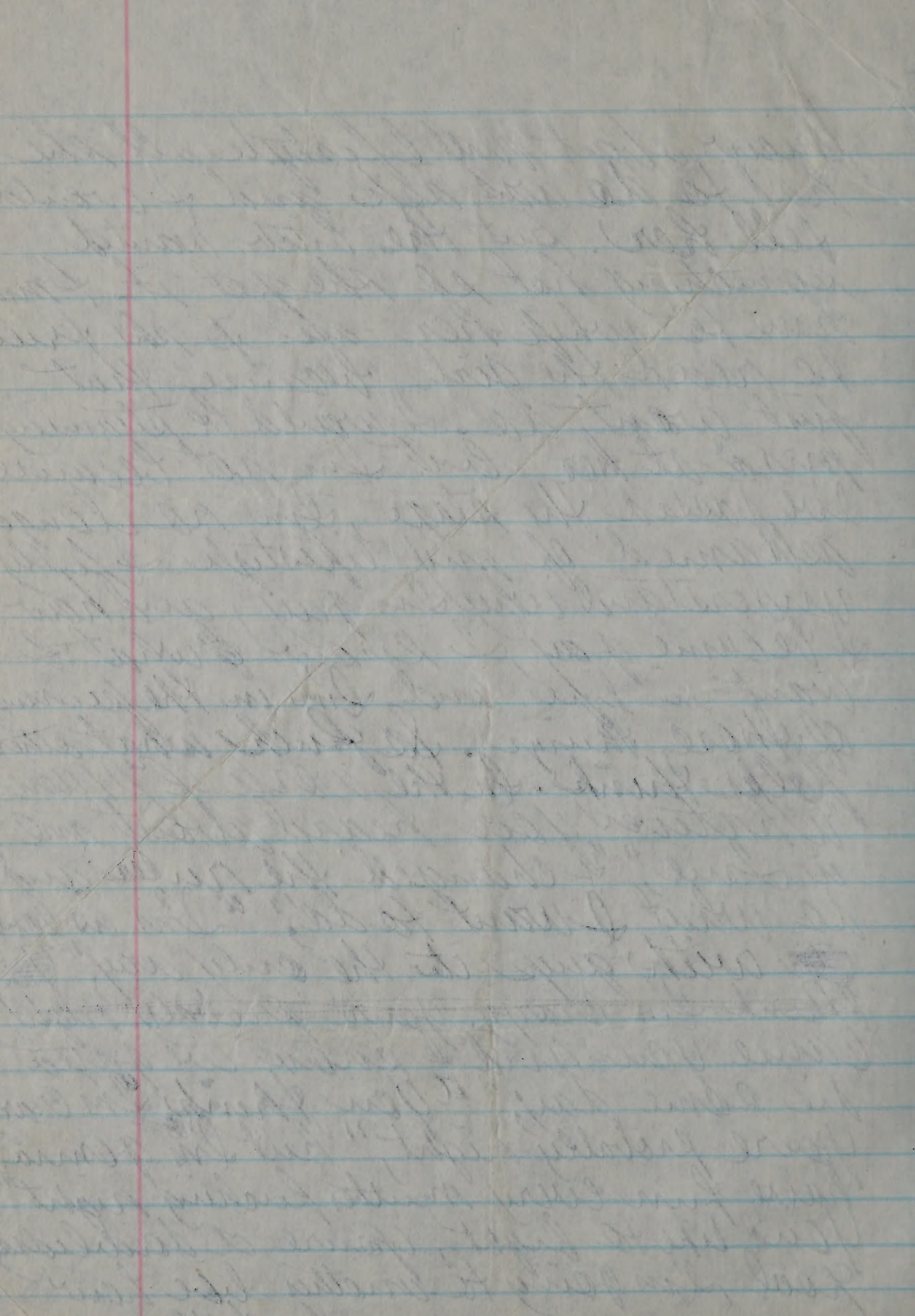
May 11, 1983 - Wednesday 6:35 PM

Dear Mc,

There are a lot of things going on with me as of today. In fact so many until I can hardly think clearly. This being my last year of school and nearing the end of the school year, there are so many things to take care of; graduation expenses, annual payments, prom expenses, senior party and the rest of things. Along with this I haven't gotten a driver's license yet so I've been pushing myself to learn how to drive well enough to get a license to drive to the prom in dad's car. Top of all this, my ex-fewer is giving me fever, only I don't want to go thru this thing with him again. And my sister (Lacie) eavesdrops when I'm on the phone with friends and such as that. But I'll put a stop to that. If she wanted to



know about my lifestyle all she
had to do was ask and I would
tell her. But the bitch wanted
something hot so she got it. I was
have to whip her - ass if she tried
to read the girl, because that
just want do. I would be screaming
mad at her but I'm not because
I've passed the stage, I'm no longer
ashamed of my lifestyle. I fully
understand why I'm gay, and how
I became gay, I know what I
want in life and I'm in the pursuit
of these things. So fuck what other
folks think. In the words of "Prince"
"Whatever you heard about me
is true," "I changed the rules and
do what I want to do," "I'm in love
~~with~~ with guys its the only way," "I
think I'm crazy, you're probably right,"
"Cause you and I know we gotta
die some day," "You think I'm crazy,
you're probably right," "But I'm gonna
have fun every mother fucking night"
"You'd like to fight, you're a double drag
fool, I'm going to mother life how
want you"



Dear Me, Oct. 18, 1982
Tonight I recieved a phone call
from a gentleman. He said that his name
was Johnny Green and that he lived on the
East side of Albany. When he called he asked
if George had been over, I replied "George
who?" George Bragg, he said "yer" and told him
no. From then on the conversation got more
& more intimate and interesting. He told me
that he wasn't gay, but he knew that I was
because of the way I talked. I quickly set him
straight on this issue and was in control
of the conversation about 95% of the time. I
really enjoyed this conversation with
the guy, aside from the both of us being
horny as hell tonight, we had lots to
talk about. He really gave me a chance to
practice my militancy. I only wish I knew
who the hell he was. He told me I would
find out tomorrow night at 9:00 at
Highland Park. Later on in our conversation
he seemed to try & make me think he was very
horny after & told him that Lin said to have
a big dick. He kept telling me to come over &
ride his beam or elevate his legs or get my
cables done. His invitation just kept getting
harder and harder to refuse until he told

him to meet me tonight in the alley behind
the house (I waited but he never showed) This
was supposed to be to help one to get to know
each other a little better before we went ahead
with the act or activity tomorrow. I only
wonder if this was one of those fucking as-
holes at school trying to prove that they're more
man than I. Must have not, but if it was
I'll just take the outcome with a high held head.
This guy aroused in me so many things that
I'm almost crazy tonight thinking about our
conversation. But if he doesn't call back tom.
Then I'll just forget about it and put this
letter in the pile with the rest of my memoranda
and profound theodicy + philosophy.

Dear Me,

10/26/82

Today has been about a wk. since I had my last talk and sexual encounter with Johnny Green, (at least that what he says his name is) my admirer from out of the blue. Our act the last time was damn good, and yesterday he called to make an invitation to have another today. I said it would be ok. if he got a car and we went somewhere secluded. He said that he would work on getting the car, but he didn't so, we ended up having a long conversation on the phone. We talked about the things we liked and disliked to do in bed, people we thought we might know, Atlanta, my summer there, getting together soon with some of my friends, and I kept asking him how, or more or less, who told him my tea. He kept telling me lies, and more lies. I still don't know head or tail of who the fuck it is. Evidently it must be somebody I know quite well or else he wouldn't be trying to protect them the way he is. I would like to know who it is, because its worrying the living shit out of me, but if he doesn't tell me there's not much I can do. The whole

situation just makes me hot. ~~He~~ I really
just want to see him again so we
can fuck our eyes out. He was gentle,
kind, had a nice size jet black dick,
a very sexy voice and most of all was patient
and tolerant with me. He really gave me
a very enjoyable fuck, and I like. He has a
few hangups, but nothing I can't deal
with. I really do wish he had gotten the
car tonight because I'm over the moon and I'm
really feeling it tonight.

Dear Me, 10/19/82
Today I felt wonderful,
relieved and reborn. I felt like I
was beginning another life, another
stage of another plain in my life.
And indeed I was. The reason for
my new feeling is a matter of sexual
fulfillment that I had. My partner's
name is Johnny Green, someone
that I didn't know until yesterday.
He called me + set up the date Mon.
as I said in the last letter I wrote.
I had never seen him until yesterday.
Although he wasn't the best looking
guy, or even the most attractive,
he was nice, easygoing, intelligent, and
a really sweet guy. He wasn't what I
had in mind for a second, but a first of its
kind experience, he was just what the
doctor ordered. We walked up to High-
land Park from my house and sat in
the bleachers and had a rather short
conversation, because we were both hot. He
was especially excited after seeing my arrest
and my equipment. We wandered around
the school until we found a suitable
spot in a enclosure of the school building.

to have our little escapade. We found
an suitable spot and began disrobing.
He was gentle and ~~path~~ somewhat sexy,
and took his time initiating the removal
of ~~my~~ ^{my} clothes. I responded by taking
the snap of jeans ~~apart~~ ^{apart} to reveal the
stuff of life enclosed inside. I began
caressing it as though trying to revive some-
one near death, while he played close
attention to ~~that~~ delicate hole of delight of mine.
I asked what did he want to happen and he
answered by turning me around with my
back facing his crotch. I removed my
jacket and placed it on the ground, &
lay on it face down while he prepared
me for entry. He took awhile, but he succeeded
in doing this by being patient and using his
experience in this matter to make it as
comfortable for me as possible. (The last
time this had happened was about 6 mon. ago, and
he was only a 4 or 5). It finally made his
entry and it was sheer heaven, we tried it
3 ways; (1) me flat on my back, him atop (2) me
lying sideways, he entered from the side lying behind
me, but the 3rd and finally was the best of all.
The buck. It took it slow as a glacier in

a painful but delightfully pleasing way
and got it in to the hilt, and it was sheer
heaven. Then came my turn. He lie flat
on his back awaiting entry. (He really
wanted this stuff of life) patiently. Entered
rather forceful at first and he told me he
take it easily, so I did. After a few strokes
of intimate depth, he said he rather ex in
the back. He then lie flat on his back
waiting again. I slipped into the warm
comforting depth of pleasure again and
reached bottom for a while until it
happened - the ultimate ecstasy of pleasure,
the orgasm. It was like p was a gyser
pumping the waters of life into the soul
of a bereft friend. This was the conclusion
of our fulfillment of one another's greatest
pleasure. We complimented each other on our
performance and made our exit towards
home.

11/14/82

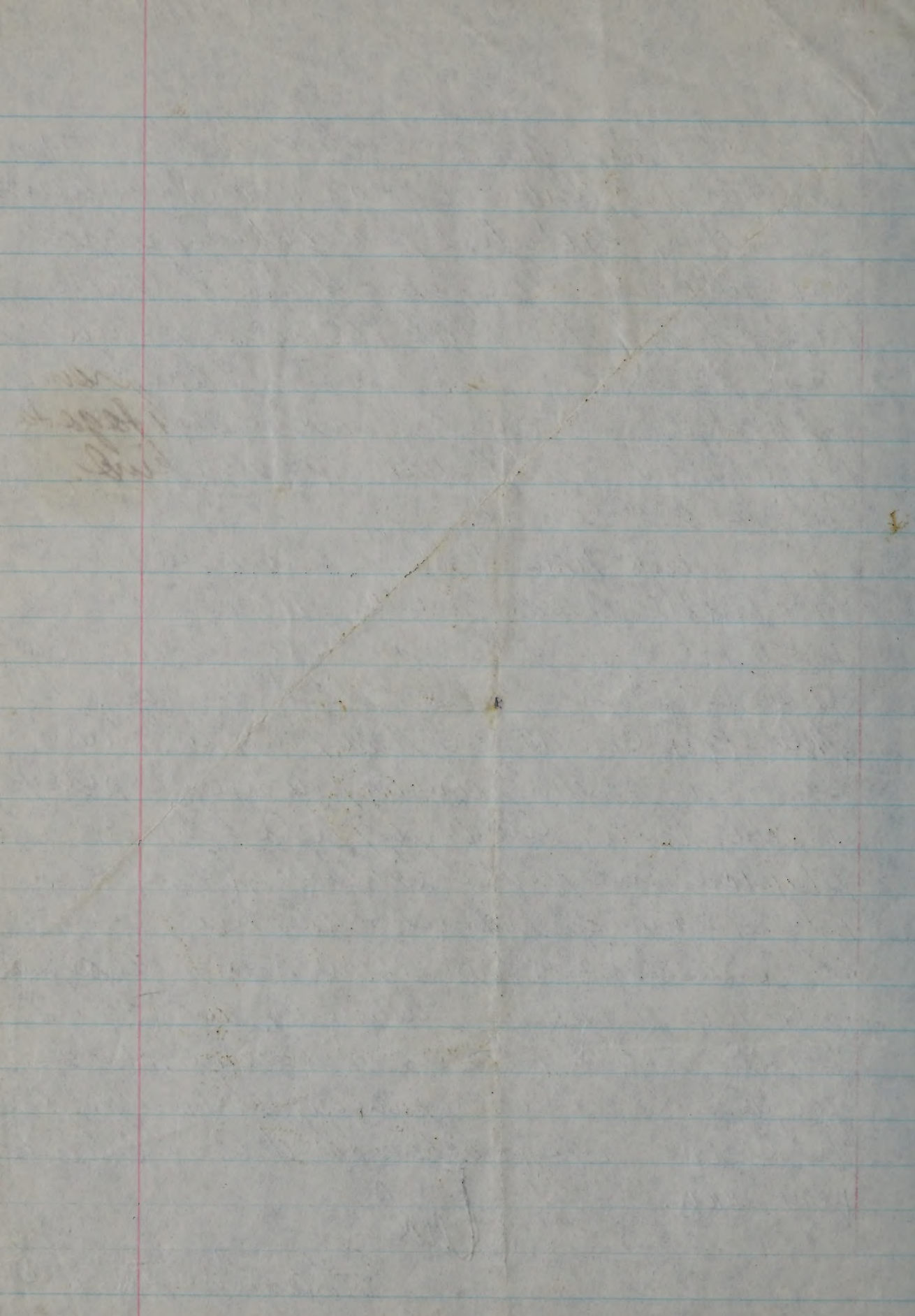
Dear Me, I might know there are some things that I want to say about some emotion I'm feeling, but I don't know how to put them on paper so maybe they'll come later on in this note. Last night I went to a party given by the Esquire Club of Newice High at the Windover Apts. Clubhouse. Being at this party didn't make me feel too odd because I've been several of this type during this yr., but what did make me feel a bit uncomfortable was the supposed "straight guys" that sweated me out the whole night. It was really weird to meet first, but being the Vet. that I am, I had to realize that I wouldn't be the only Happy Child there and indeed I wasn't alone. Most of the guys that continued to sweat me out throughout the whole night were quite attractive so no of course I enjoyed it. The party was nice, although it ended a bit too early due to complaints from tenants, and everybody was getting off and ripped, but I have decided not to go to many more parties. It's not that I don't like straight or that I feel that I'm pretending, it's just that they're beginning to cramp my style, if you know what I mean.

I'd much rather get a bunch of the children
together and throw a bash than be around
a bunch of egotistical machoistic ~~fuck~~ fuck
and silly fish. You know that old saying
"birds of a feather flock together". So that's the
way I prefer it. Plus I can stay home from a
lot of these functions and save ^{my} money to go to
places where I can be with my own kind.
Atlanta or Columbus.

Right now I feel a strong need to be
held, cuddle, kissed, caressed, picked and to fuck
to be loved. With whom? I don't know, but
as to what hell be like, "Need you ask". At
Mrs. Ross can say "I Need Muscle". Need I
pay more. At this point in my life I'm ready
to settle down with a guy who fits my
physical and mental fantasies. (He must fit
my description of look and body build as well
as intellect.) and have a very nice relationship
sexually as well as intellectually, and I hope that
it will eventually lead to marriage. I'm very
young to be having a fantasy of this type,
but I am, and I'm hoping for it to be fulfilled
very soon.

The End

Anthony Carl Sanchez



1/31/83

Dear Me,

Today brought my
4 day weekend celebration for
my ~~19th~~ ^{20th} Birthday. ^{James} Boy Oh
Boy what a celebration. I started
off rather depressed or in a
state of melancholy Friday the 27th.
Instead of going out with Freddy
to a party, I played here and listened
to some Prince² music and cooled
out ~~to~~ until Barnard got home.
We then talked for a while and went
to bed early. Saturday was a
different story. Freddy, Barnard,
and I got up that afternoon
and went out shopping. We went
to the little Spicini area which
is a Bourgeois gay neighborhood.
We went to the Record Store - Freddy
did, the Book store, and to "Stephani"
a Vintage clothing store. We
really had a nice time. Then from
there we went to the Anslu Mall
area - another predominantly gay
area. After our shopping was
over we decided to drop in on
Mrs. Gosha and Lee. Of course

wanted to do was to explain
to the child why what went on, went
went on, and why it wouldn't
happen again. I like him ~~too~~ damn
much to let him use me as a
substitute for one of his so called
"bitcher". He is truly the kindest
child I have ever slept with. And
thank-you, it was truly good.
I keep hoping he'll come over again
even after Bernard and I explained
to him the way things must be, give and
take, and threw him out after he
said he wasn't ready for that. All
I can do now is to ask for help
from a force far greater than any
here on earth and pray that I deliver.
I guess what it all boils down to
is a great ~~infatuation~~ ^{and} or plain simple
Love.

~~Handy~~ ~~Lee~~ was there, and ~~3~~ 3 brothers were there, which was one of my reasons for wanting to go over to visit. Kerry, Jim, and Jonathan are their names, and they are all very close and relatively intelligent. Kerry - the oldest - and I had a very nice conversation about the reason he understands why people are gay and why he wasn't ~~comfortable~~ uncomfortable around us. We decided to have a little party, and Freddy had a party to D. J. so he had Bernard. To take him home and Sasha went with him to get some cocktails for our little party. It turned out real nice and we all had a very good time. I met some of the neighbors and they were nice too. Lucia and her husband Dennis, and her brother - fine as hell and rugged - Bernard and his girlfriend Bernita. I was hot for Bernard the first time I laid eyes on him, and he for me. After we were all a little bit high the party started to wind down. Sasha said that he had not had his rest, and he hoped everybody understood but he wanted us to

leave. Of course we all did and everybody started to leave. Barnard had already asked me if I was spending the night with "Doc", I said I doubt it, but I'd be there if he came ~~back~~ before too long. Things didn't turn out as planned and we left not long after everybody else. However, after finding out that everybody wouldn't be able to go out on Sunday because of their jobs and lack of coin, we decided to go out to eat on Monday and to party and drink at Goshai. I arrived (and Bernard ^{met her}) to find Randy, Goshai and Bernard playing cards. So we all played cards until the fun and liquor ran out. We decided to go out for drinks. We ended up at Greg's house and Walter Brown house drinking and talking. From there we went home to Goshai. I had already gotten the tea from Randy and Goshai as to what was to happen. They had given Bernard a crib to go to bed with me

for my birthday. Needless to say I was very perturbed by this, but I got over it and pushed his womb in that night. Even though my ass was the one greased up. It was terrific. He was very intimate, very exciting and all those things that make sex so good. I was taken aback by the whole thing. He told me not to tell anybody, but of course I did. I can't begin to describe the effect this encounter had on me. I am ill all over again. Especially after spending the night at P. Poo's with him and not having sex or just lying next to him in bed 2/1/84. Right now I feel empty, ~~hard~~ full, hearten, caring, to sum it all up a feeling of pure severe Bittersweetness that it is tearing me up inside.

Dear Me, 2/5/84
Today found me in another state of ~~mild~~ mild-melancholy - though not as severe as it has been in the past. But severe enough to take hell over me being my usual

senial self. This weekend Ben
Came down for a visit and
along with him he brought 2
of his friends from South Carolina.
I don't recall their names because
I saw them once after getting
high so I really did catch their names
or faces. He left today around
3:00 and came by to say goodbye.
Saturday, Ben, Bernard, and I
went over to Gosh's (The Water Hole)
for cocktails (which we bought) and a
little party of sorts. After we got
around while talking about our
endeavors with Men and Gosh
told us of a situation he was in
with a guy his was deeply in Love
with and we all put our opinions
on the table we decided to play
Cards and listen to some music.

2/6/83

Now when we got there Bernard
was there and this fine man
from across the hall. I took
the liquor and went to the kitchen
trying to avoid Bernard's eyes
and talking to him. While I was

in the kitchen, the guy from next door
left. ~~and~~ I went into the living room
and sat in the chair he was sitting
in which was next to Bernard. He
spoke to me, and I replied "Fine, I
just don't have anything to ~~say~~." He gave
me a look that said, "Don't put me
through this", "I'm not that good". I gave
him a look that said "You know
you damn well are", "but I hate you."
After ~~he~~ sitting there for a few
minutes he decided he would go home
to freshen up a bit and change
clothes. Everybody thought I had given
him one of my evil looks and scared
him off. Of course they were wrong.
He came back later. Which is when we
got into our card game in Poo's room.
We played cards and sipped our cock-
tails and talked. He told me that I was
selfish, I wanted everything for me. He
told me that I didn't give him credit for
having any sense at all, I didn't. He told
me I was spending too much time thinking
about one thing, namely him, he was
right. That is not the thing to do, he said.

What I want may not be the best thing for me or him. But the whole truth of the matter is that Bernard is so tender, so emotional, ~~perhaps~~ ~~physical~~ psychical and gets passive in bed that he took me for a loop. Something I wasn't prepared for. That and the fact that he ~~was~~ ^{is} quite butch just did things for my Libido. He's just so unpredictable, so fucking moody. What do I think the ~~the~~ reason for this is. Well I think the one main thing is that he tends to seem to be indifferent is that he doesn't want to spark any interest for sex. The reason for that is that he's probably fucked himself out. He's probably been pounded by all the fish in the neighborhood and he's just tired of doing all the work. Now he wants to lay back and get his cakes done, to be passed by another man? I'm game for that! I just don't know ~~whether~~ or not he thinks that I am, but right now I think I would do

anything within reason to please
him. I talked with him Sunday,
(yesterday) because I called to talk to
Thomas (Lesh), and he answered the
phone and asked me to give him a
call later. That's exactly what I
did, but he didn't seem to want to talk
very much, ~~but~~ he did ask when would
he see me again, I told him I didn't
think it really mattered ~~if~~ whether or
not he saw me again. That's the impression
he gave me. He said that he didn't say
that, so my damn heart melted and
I told him sometime this week or this
weekend. I really must decide if I'm
in Love with him or anxious to be in
Love. I'm hoping it's the latter, because
I don't think I would get over losing
him, or seeing him and not being able
to kiss those gorgeous lips, or caress
those wonderful limbs of his. He
really bends me. I'm totally weak for
him.

Carl 2/6/84

2/19/74

2/19/84

Sundays

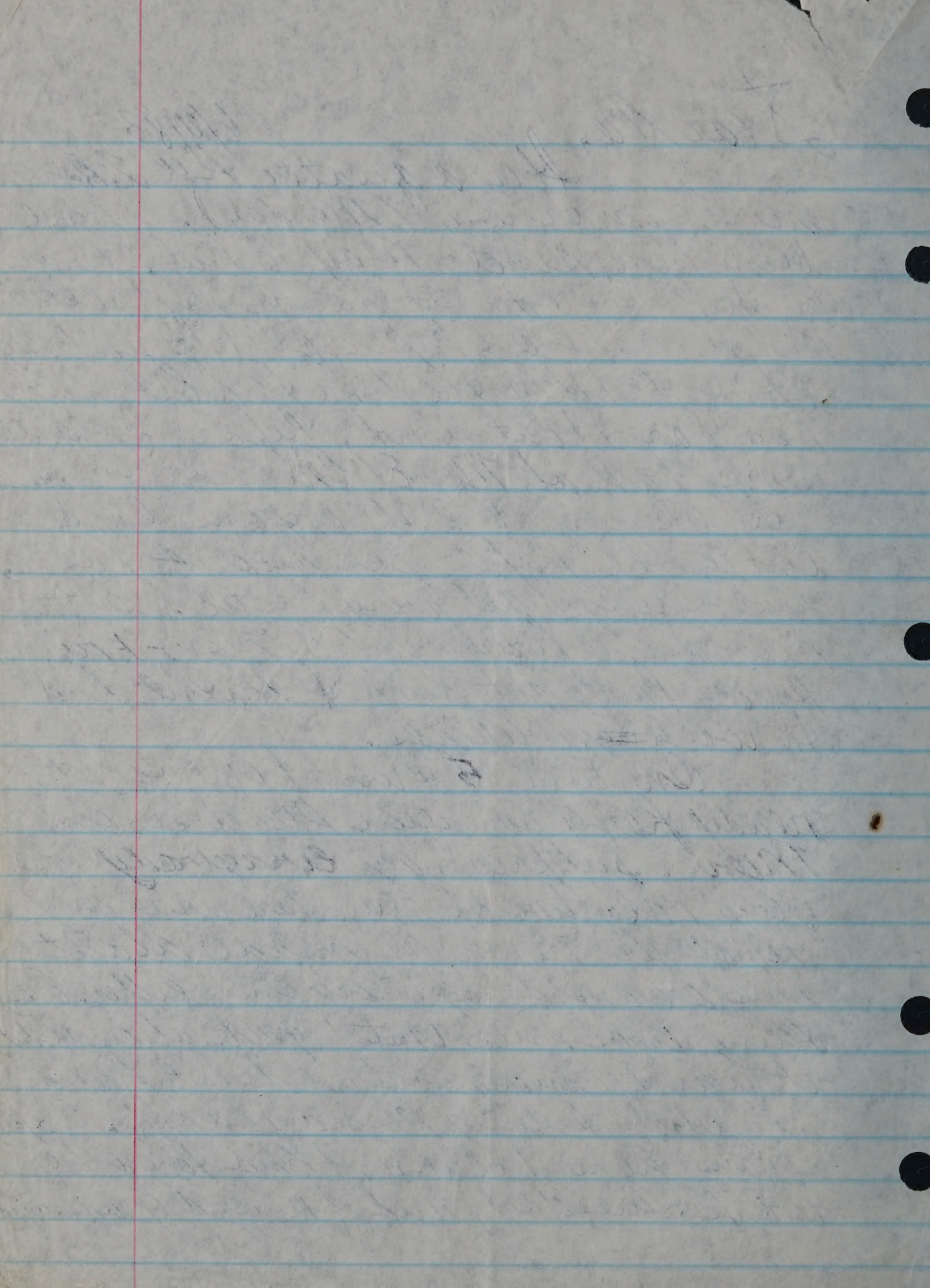
Dear Me,

At the moment I contemplated writing this letter, I was rather perturbed. But by the time my pen began to scribble the very first letter on this paper I was relaxed. I am free from all ill feelings that caused me to confide in you tonight. Nick came over tonight and ever left except ~~for~~ me, so we were here alone. Of course and unfortunately we ended up in bed (Freddie).

Now for a brief flashback. On the 13th of this month Nick got drunk and came over and went to bed with Bernard. He let her push in w/out in. I was not here, because I went to get my hair cut, (but I didn't) and didn't get home until late (1:30 or so). I was wrecked when she told me. So permanently I expected him to let me do it tonight. Of course, he didn't and he held out on telling him fuck me until the very last minute. By the

1
Dear Me, 6/21/83
It is a quarter till 2 AM.
in the morning (Monday). I have
been here since May 16 but I haven't
had the time to sit down and collect
my thoughts on paper, or let's just say
I haven't taken the time to do it. I was
here for about a wk. before I started
work back at Ms. E/Chico. Things
were O.K. until the coupons came
out in the paper for discount food,
and things got very hectic. But
now I am working 9-5 Mon.-Fri.
Since Randy got fired I haven't had
to work ~~on~~ weekends.

On June 5 I went home to get
ready for graduation practice on
Mon. Surprisingly everybody was
very receptive of me, there were no
homophobic remarks made about
me or any derogatory ones either. Every
thing was nice until graduation night,
it was raining and we didn't have
it which totally pissed me off. Anyway
I came home because I had to go to
work Tuesday, and I missed graduation.

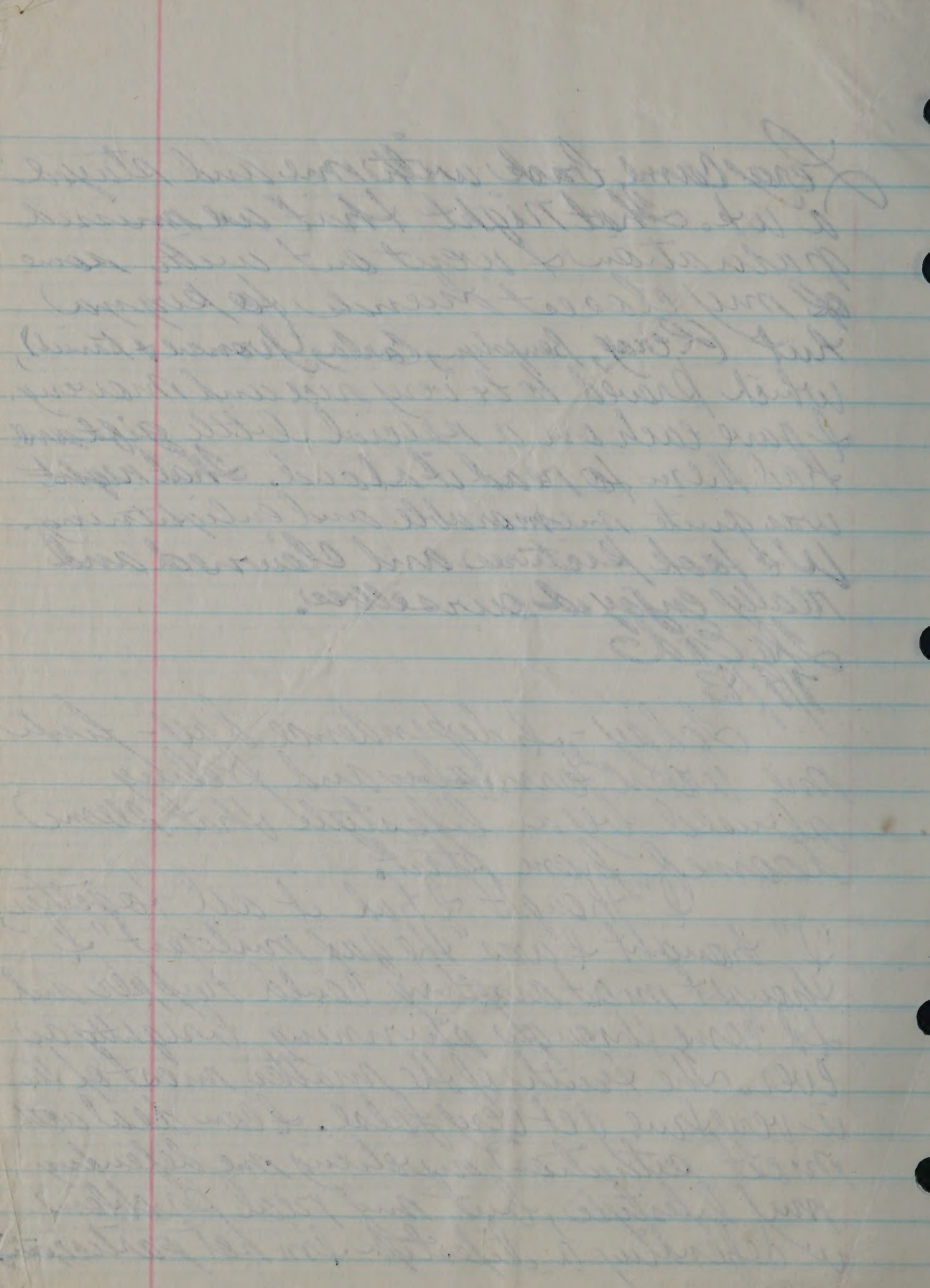


Lera came back with me and stayed a wk. That night that we missed graduation I went out with some of my closest friends to pizza hut (Lera, Benjamin, Carla, Jonna & Daniel), which proved to be very nice and moving. I gave each one a special little gift and had them to read it aloud. That night was quite memorable and enlightening. We took pictures and clowned and really enjoyed ourselves.

The End
7/7/83

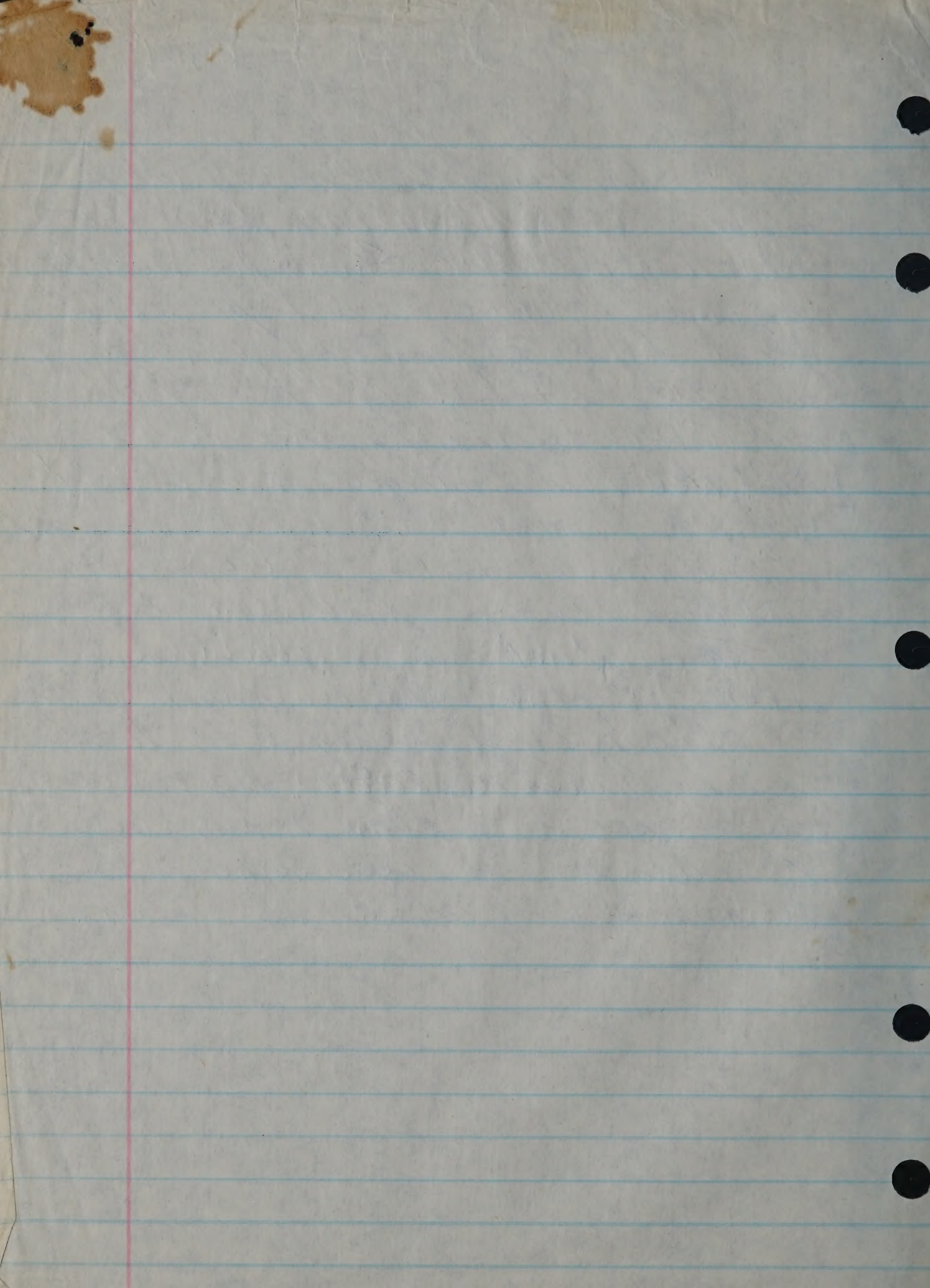
Today - Independence Day - finds me worn ^{and} torn. ~~Ab~~ and feeling abused by a lifestyle that seems doomed from start.

"I" thought I had it all together, "I" thought I was "the gay militant", I thought most anything could happen and I'd come through spinning brightly as ever. The truth of the matter most of this is very true yet very false. I can deal with most situations involving me defending my lifestyle, but my real problem is defending a lifestyle I'm not participating.



in. Sure I go out to the local bars
and discos (gay bars) and dance (shit
and really be a real queen, yet even
though I usually get some play etc
from all the wrong people so I usually
~~do~~ don't engage in any personally
activities. So I am actually depending
a physical lifestyle I haven't participated
in ~~for~~ several months. This leaves me
wondering, "what's wrong with me"! I mean
I not ugly, at least I don't think so

At this point in my life
 theres no turning back. I'm out
 here on my own. Theres no comfort
 from Mamma and Papa if I
 fail here, I just get up wipe
 away the tears and try again.
 This is life itself, this is it!
 Make no mistakes about it!
 Im no longer at home or in my
 hometown. Im in Atlanta, Ga,
 holding down a full time job
 making just over minimum
 wage, paying bills, buying my own
 clothes, and just getting a taste of
 lifes harsh realities. Right now Im
 on the boat with some many other
 Americans, the overworked, the
 underpaid, the blacks, the gays.



Dear Me,

Today is Sunday,
March 13, and it's about 1:51 am.
From the way I've been dressing,
talking, acting and just my overall actions
here at home I can see the cut almost
completely out of the bag. I'm out of
school so I no longer have to worry
about the sneers from the kids there,
and I really don't care about the public's
comment. So I'm a whole lot freer with
my sexual lifestyle and I don't cover
up much at all. If I'm ever confronted
with the question "Are you gay?" I'm
going to answer with a blunt but calm,
"Yes. I thought you knew," and leave
it at that unless they want to carry
it further. I'm so glad I've did the things
I've did in my high school years that I
couldn't be happier. I've learned so much
about me, myself and people's reaction
to me myself. And my reaction to their
reactions to me. Since I have opened my
mind and become so liberal and somewhat
militant, I get and gain more respect all
the time. Which is good for my ego. After
the issue is thrown on the table here at

Home I can really rest easy.

9/7/83

Dear Me,

Lately I have been neglecting writing these letters to myself. Which was a big mistake. This somehow gives me a release to let it all out and come to peace and an understanding with myself.

I am the type of person that needs lots of love and attention. Not only physical love, but emotional love that carries on so deeply that it manifests itself in physical ~~self~~ love. The reason is because in my family we care deeply for each other yet we hardly ever reach out to hug or kiss one another or show outward forms of love or emotion. I think my being gay has had little or no effect on me being this way, but it's a very strong feeling.

Not having had any relationship or sexual encounter with anyone here in Atlanta thus far leaves me feeling incompetent, insecure, and just plain unattractive, none of which are characteristic of my personality. Of course there are times when I met guys whom I become close to

and we touch, feel, and kiss
each other, but usually we never
get together for sex, let alone
time to establish a relationship.
I'm usually very happy and
overjoyed until I realize there are
chances of getting together are slim.
This leaves me feeling in a mood
that led to me writing this letter.
I'm deprived of giving something away
that I pride myself at being good
at and receiving - Love. I feel
alone, overweight, ugly and like
an old age. I know exactly what
I need to get over this semi-
depression state, but the question
is will I ever get it? How long
can I hold out? I don't ~~now~~ know
from the way I'm feeling now.
Not very long! This type of
rejection is not very healthy for
someone like me at this young
age. What can I do to save
myself from pain and embaras-
ment? Who knows?! Only I can

work this thing out, that's for sure.
The solution seems simple, but it
isn't. It isn't everyday you run into
a guy you like well enough to go to
bed with or start a relationship and he
feels the same way. Not easy at all.

While it may be for some than percentage
is very rare compared to those who don't.

On top of this I'm not happy
with my job. It leaves me drained from
being overworked and underpaid.

2/8/83

Joe End

paid

Well, it's me again. That's right
another entry already! But news straight
off the press! Just right after pouring
out my inner self on paper about the
loneliness I was experiencing as well
as the lack of an emotional bond
with someone, something wonderful
happened. Joseph called and asked
me out to the movies. I was taken with
his invitation, it came at the right
time. I've mentioned the fact
that he didn't have any money
and asked me to treat him.

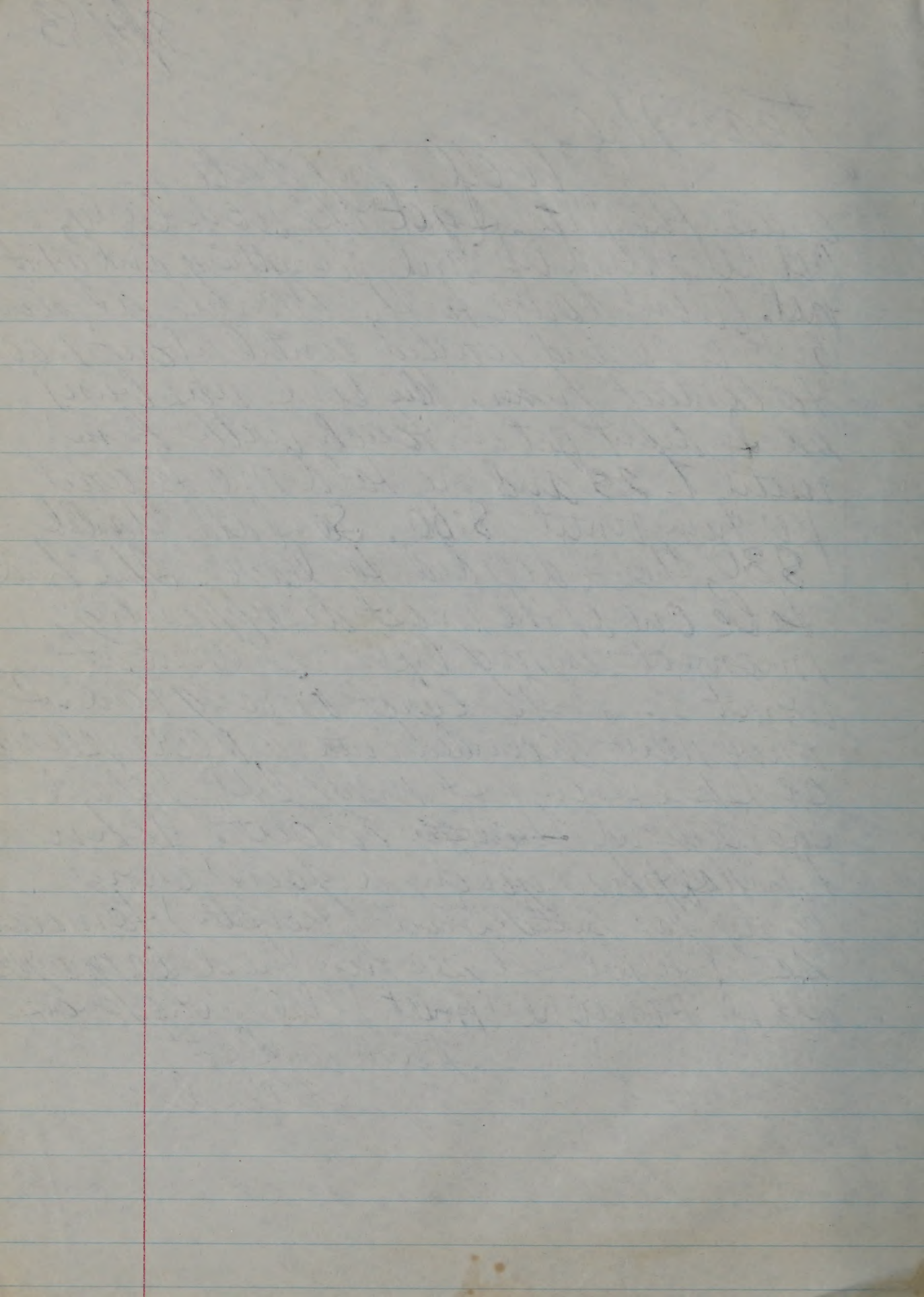
~~Amos~~

The only reason I agreed is because
he said he would treat me Sat.
But I'm going to give him a chance
to prove himself worthy of this type
of treatment. If he fucks it up
Lord have mercy on him, because
I'm not. So if everything goes
accordingly I should be meeting
him in the park at about 6:00pm
today after work.

Yesterday was just a
day for surprises for me.
Patrick called me long distance
from Ok.lahoma. He says he's
getting along just fine. He
found himself a lover who's
in the Air Force, says he's
about 26 and gorgeous. He
says he even screened the guy.
He wanted all the dirt on what
was happening here and I gave
it to him. He told me about the
change in him his friends noticed.
All for the better. He's going to a
public school now and a Jr. College.

8/9/83

Dear Me, Well, my date
was the pits. I got off work early,
got all dalled up and everything and what
not. Went down to the Omni at about
5:45 or so and waited until about 7:00
to contact him. This line was busy
so I didn't get in touch with him
until 7:25 and he told me to wait
for him until 8:00. So I did. Until
8:30, then I decided to leave. This had
to be one of the most disappointing
moments in my life. It came at
what . . . The exact wrong time. I
have now descended into a never plunging
or depression. It may lift before
the weekend ~~though~~ is out. John
Landolph is giving a going away
party for Betty, Dave (Kenneth) tomorrow
so maybe I'll see him there or maybe
I'll see someone (~~meet~~) else, who knows.
Tawn and out
The End



Dear Me, 9/18/83
Today lunch me in
a very awkward mood. Although
I am known as the resident bitch,
I have become even more of a cutthroat
little whore. I am very irritable, very
bitchy, very militant and persistent in my
beliefs and sexual desires, needs, and wants. My
problem quite simple - I need to be loved,
fucked and return the same. Lately I've
been trying to ~~to make~~ make more of
an effort to go out and find someone
if not for sex, for a relationship. At this
point I'm ready to try harder and do things
to improve my physical appearance
which will in turn enhance my mental
self appearance. I've waited too long,
gone without too long. It seems
as though life is passing by while I
stand by and miss all of the good yrs.
in life. This is so discouraging and
face breaking, but as usual I'll probably
come out on top. Lately I have been
getting busy with a few ~~new~~ acquaintances
and it does nothing but aggravate me.

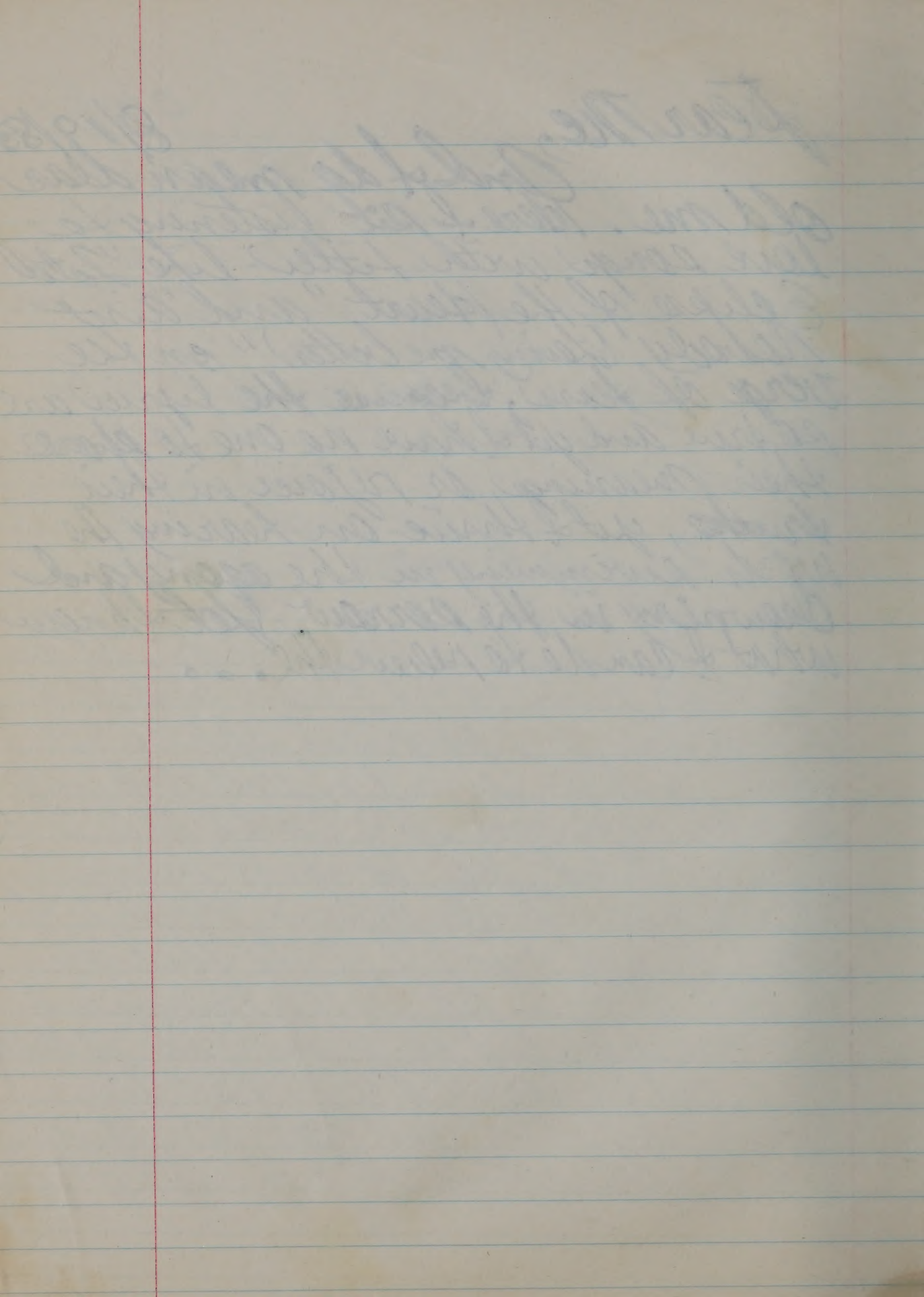
1883

Dear Mr.

Fear Me,

8/19/83

And I do mean dear
old me. Here I sit listening to
love songs with titles like "Total
Eclipse of the Heart" and "And
Nobody (Loving me better)" on the
verge of tears, because the lyrics are
so true and yet I have no one to share
their meanings, or rejoice in their
truths, yet I thrive on hearing the
words swimming in the agony and
drowning in the sorrow. Yet I know
what I can do to relieve the...



10/17/83
1:05 AM Monday

Dear Me, It is very late or
early whichever you prefer, but I
should be in the bed because I know
how hard it is for me to get up in
the mornings, especially on Mondays.
But I can't rest until I write
some of my feelings down on
paper. This weekend I went to a
going away party it was rather
cute. I met a guy named Rand.
He was cute, somewhat cutie in
appearance and carriage but he
had a rather fishy voice. He started
up a conversation with me after we
got off the dance floor (hooked him to dance)
and he asked me for ^{my} phone #
before he left and called me Sunday.
Our conversation wasn't all the
hot - (I should have just had him
and left it at that), though I tried
to find some sense in his conversation
but I couldn't.

Saturday, Rand, Poe, and
I went to the concert at pig place.
It was really HOT!!! The SOS
Band opened for the Hap Band.

Anthony Carl Taniel
2929 Pantherville Rd
Decatur, Georgia

10/19/83

Dear Me,

Today I am a little bit more joyful than usual. The reason? I had a nice day at work joking with my co-workers (Sam, Shelly, Carrie, Martha & Dan) we really had a nice time. I am also dieting in away and I have been receiving letters from friends (my dearest) and that has cheered me up and made my day a little bit brighter. Then this afternoon a guy I met last Friday called me and seemed to be trying to get together with me. Then our call was interrupted, not once, but twice. And the second time he hung up telling me he'd call back, that he had to make an important phone call. So I waited. When he didn't call back, I called him, and you know the rest. He wasn't there. So I began me down hill climb. Then tonight Bernard found out that Freddie took Mr. Joshua to Carrotton La. for a damn job

and the Cat Killers were really
out. We camped it up and were
just ourselves and really got bored
the whole day.

I'm really yearning for
someone to love, it seems most
everybody is finding someone but
me, and that's lost. I feel as though
there's not much I can do about that but
I won't give up the fight until the war
is over and I'm victorious. I know that
when I do get somebody I'll be a good
lover to them, and make them as happy
as they'll let me. The problem is finding
the someone. Until tomorrow or
wherever

My first is to loose weight so that I will have a better chance at getting what I like best. I feel with a love interest in my life I will be a little less latching a lot more content and happy and hopeful, better equipped and ~~to the~~ pull myself together to go out and enjoy life. I also feel that with someone loving me as much as Clare there would give me the incintitive and ambition to go out and try my damnest to make things easier for me (like a new and better paying job). It is amazing that I would find time to write while I'm Christmas shopping. But I did. Since the last time I did this, things had just gotten to being ~~having~~ for me that I had to take the time to do this, and besides I was bored as hell.

12/20/83

Dear Me, Here I sit, alone
at home, a drab, damp, and
cold Tuesday afternoon, thinking
over what my Christmas will
be like this year. The last few
years Christmas was no more
than a emotional mess. Mostly
due to me feeling sorry for
myself, because I didn't get much
from anybody. But this yr. I'm
more in the giving than receiving
spirit. ~~That~~ If it carries through
until after Christmas I will be
surprised. Hopefully it will.

Dear Me, 1/13/84
Today is January 23rd
of 1984 and yesterday was the 22nd
one wk. away from my birthday.
My 19th that is. This yr. didn't
look like it was going to be a
good one for me, but recently
I've have reasons to be inclined
to change my outlook on the whole
situation. Last Monday
a friend from Albany came

up for a visit while getting ready
to go into service. Lorraine Williams
I took him to the Madhouse at
affusions where we meet some friends
for a night of crumping. (Sammy
Stewart and London Lewis). Needless
to say, we truly crumped back. Then
that night Lorraine and I spent
the night making love (having sex) and
it was truly great. The girl has
been around and still can give you
one of the best fucks you could ask
for. Then yesterday, a guy from
our complex, who has been after
me all summer, had me last
night. He is a very fine child.
Thick legs nice round tight
muscle ass - the works. Her not
bad in the looks department either.
He did an okay job of pushing me
wants on but didn't want to get very
affectionate. He didn't want me to kiss
him ~~and~~ he didn't want ~~me~~ to give
me head or any of the things I'd like
him. But it was sex for sex sake.

Afterwards I tried to work a
couple of his gears. I told him
he could leave if he wanted so that
he didn't have to feel obligated to
stay with me, since he had to be
to work at 6:00^{am} the next morning.
Then I told him about his gang.
He wondered how I knew. I also
told him that his dick wasn't as
big as he claimed that it was.
He said it got the job done which
I had no complaints with that.
Then I got him a rug to clean
up with procedure to tell him
when he was ready for something
different to give me a call or he
knew where ~~to~~ to find me.
So who knows what will turn my
way or what he wants to do when
he comes back? Hopefully it's what
I want him to do or else he'll be
left out in the cold.

Love Carl
P.S. His name is Dominique "Nick"
For short. After we were through, he said
Thank you as he left.

I told him I was going to take a shower and he said to go ahead because he wanted to talk after I got out. I said no, that we talk before I got into the shower. I sat in the armchair and waited for the conversation to begin, but it never did so again I asked him to leave. He said "Oh, now you want to put me out," "Yes", I replied, "I have nothing to say unless you tell me what's on your mind". He never said much, but that I was using my having to take a shower as an excuse to make him leave. I asked him again to leave ~~saying~~ that it was the last time I was going to ask him. He tried to use the phone so I hung it up, opened the door and put him out. I was mad at myself for not putting him out after he would not let me persuade him. But I was weak and that so I let him, and I think he was upset, but I don't have time for loose bullshit.

The End

way, it was great) I tried my damnest
~~to get him to~~ to persuade him to
let me fuck him, but I didn't work.
I gave an oral job that wouldn't
wait, I handled him rough, I fingered
his asshole and the works, but nothing
worked. He wouldn't kiss me, he wouldn't
give me head or anything. But I did
everything in my power to please
him sexually. After not succeeding
in pushing his work in nor him
in mine, he decided he would jack-off.
I told him that, that would be senseless,
as well as childish, when all he had to
do was give in and he would have a
nice warm ass to rub his hot come
in. He became a bit disturbed, especially
after I told him that he could always go
fuck one of his "bitches", which we both
know you don't want to do. So he was
silent for a while and I finally gave
in, telling him to promise me he
would be ready the next time. After
we were through and he had cleaned
himself up, we came in the living room
where he wanted to use the phone.

and they always want to be fucked.
That made me feel like one
of the Bitches. Which I refuse
to be. I wish that I do get a
chance to talk to him, and clear
the air about what I'm all about.
Even if I'm not the one to 'bring
him around'. Give him a real
slap in the face with the hand
of reality.

P.S. *Carl* Feeling Bitter already

Dear Me, 1/26/84
1/27/84
Well, it happened
yesterday when I got here. There
or shall I say here he sat
Chesscoting Back. I was through
in more ways than one. For
one I knew my powers of perception
were working overtime, that he would
be here when I got here. Then
another was that he was here talking
with Freddy and there was Barnad
giving her invite and her militat
answers to everything. All I

All of which were to come true
would be too much for me
to handle in one day. There were
times today when I felt I just
wouldn't make it through without
breaking down and crying.

Then there were times today when
I was enjoyably joking around
with my co-workers that I didn't
want to leave them. I guess the
real reason I stopped to write
another entry is to put down the
real reason I was hurt over the
situation between Nick and Bernard.
The reason, being that Bernard
didn't have sex^{per} person with him
because he would not ~~ag~~ agree on
mutual satisfaction (she worked the
hell out of his nerves) where as
I'm the big talker (let me tell it) and
I went ahead and ~~to~~ submitted to what
he wanted without much of a fight.
Which made me look like a
fool. That hurt me more than any
thing, and the fact that he told Bernard
that girls are always at their apt.

after all. Who knows? Especially
in the mood I'm in right now.
I'm trying my damnest to hang in
there. Hoping that the sun will
come up tomorrow and it'll be
a newer "Brighter" day for me.
But who's to say that I will wake
up tomorrow at all? Only the
Lord knows. . . .

WJL 1/25/84

Dear Me, 1/25/84
It seems as though
this day may never end. Here
I sit in a library exhausted
from work, eyes closing as I
read some books on the subject
that has brought me so much
joy and yet so much heartache.
Not wanting to go home.
Hoping that there is some
remote chance that Freddy
and Bernard will be worried
sick when I get home. Even
better that "Nick" will be
worried sick when I get home.

Because I figured that was the only way I would have him and I wanted him enough to not pressure him to do all the things I wanted to do and that's about the extent of that. I could have spanked the hell out of him, and punched him royally if he would have permitted it. But me, being in the heat of passion that I was thought only of pleasing him. What a damn fool I was. Will that ever happen again. Not unless extremely weak for whoever the person is, which I assure you is unlikely to happen for a long time. ~~That~~ Yesterday after returning from a walk to my favorite spot for recollection I took a long shower trying to perap all reminders of having been with him. Yet I feel if I don't have him again, (the way I want to) or if I don't have a talk with him telling him know what I stated earlier about me, I'll die or depravement of sexual pleasure. I might do that

I wanted to cry, but I couldn't.
I've hardened myself so well from
emotional hurt (the worst kind)
that the tears refused to flow.
I could only sit there feeling
empty, alone, desolate. I felt as though
the whole world was laughing at
me or feeling sorry for me. Neither
of which I needed. Sympathy was
the last thing on my mind. I needed
someone to listen to me, while I
tried to unscramble all those
emotions that were causing me
pain so deep that it wouldn't come
out until some untimely time
in the future. When? Who the hell
knows. But it will hurt even
more then than ever. For it will
have had the chance to set on
~~the~~ my shelf of despair and
accumulate webs of pain. What
will I do? Who the hell knows?
What do I want to do? Well, if I
ever see him again I plan to tell
him why what happened that night
happened. I'll let him see the sear

1/25/84

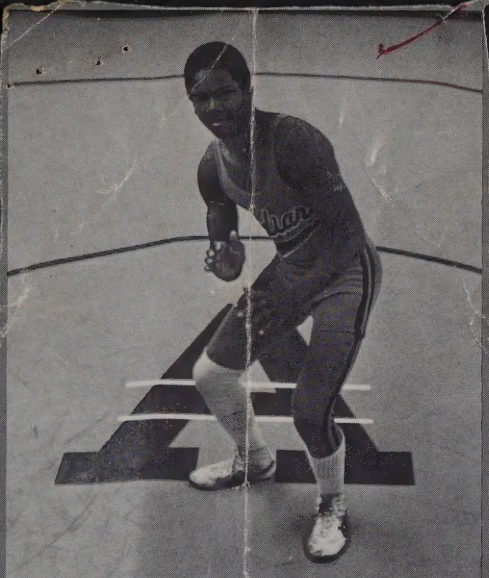
Dear Me,

Yesterday was perhaps the ^{2nd} most painful (emotionally) that I've ever had in dealing with men and matters of the heart. The guy that had my heart skipping beats and nature up, gave me a shock that I already knew was in store for me, yet I wasn't sure how I would react until the moment of truth. Something told me to be aware, was I? Hell no. Tuesday of this wk. I came home to find him in Bernard's bedroom getting his ass spanked, finger sucked and being embraced all of which we didn't do. I was so through that at first I just acted like I knew exactly what had went on and I felt like such a fool. I wanted to kill them both, but I have no papers, no emotional holds over her or "Rick" and Bernard always preaches "all is fair in Love and War". So I was at a point between a hard spot and a rock, backed into a corner with no room or courage to come out fighting.

that I'm capable of Loving him.
Who knows? If I see him again
this may all come into the realm
of reality or we may just have
another night of sex for sex sake,
or we might resolve some of the
mirkyness between us and I can
apologize for having said some of
the things I said. I must admit he
has courage, more so than I do.
And he's rather intelligent though not
articulate, he gets his point over
very well. In a way I hope I never
see him again, knowing what he'll do
to my heart. Then I hope he knocks
on my door any minute, so I can pay
what owe my mind. He's my first
fuck here, from here. And he's fine
enough to make me lose my head,
and heart all over again.

Carl

Dear Me, Tonight I thought
about what went on last night
and it worried me. I talked to
Barnard about it. We talked about
performance anxiety, sex for sex
shape and about Nick and his
personality and what we thought of
him in general. I told Mother a lot
of the things he did and didn't say and
do. We both came to the conclusion
that he is indeed "gay", but needs
a strong mind and hand to bring
him around and out into the light.
Also I came to the conclusion that I
was rather hard on him, but that
I did it to compensate for the way I
really feel about him. I could see my-
self lost in his eyes, filled with love that
flows like the great river only unending.
There's nothing I would love better
~~than~~ than that. The sex was good but,
I would rather see him every day and be able
to make Love instead of have sex. Maybe
do things together, go places, buy each other
gifts and this sort of thing. What I really want
is for him to Love me the way



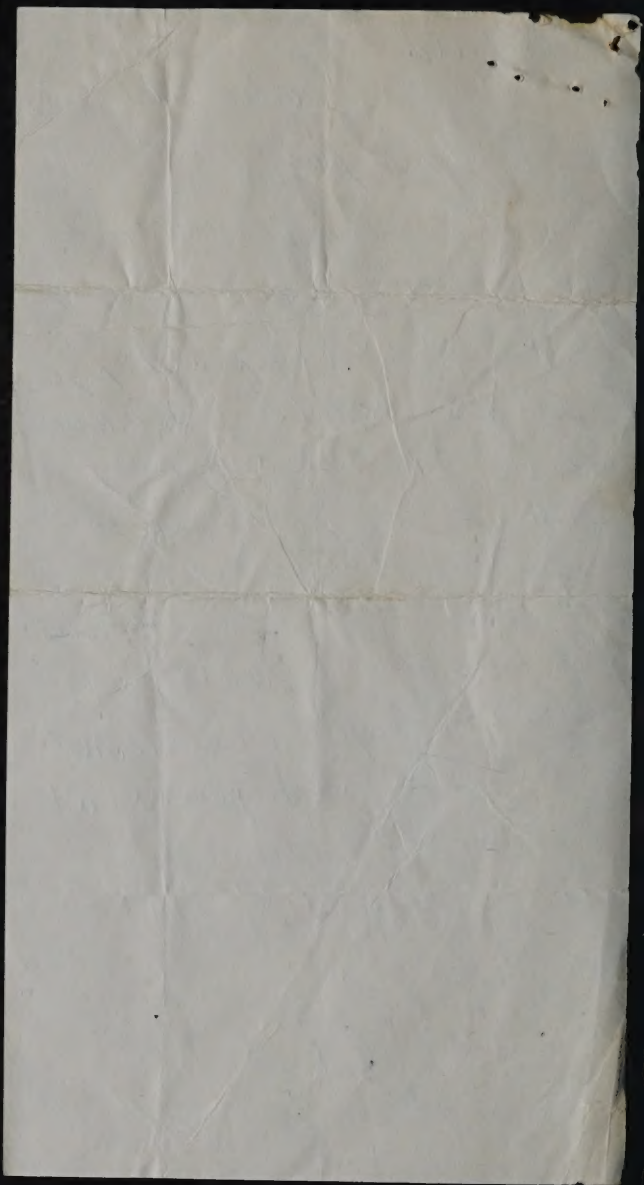
Rayfield Hicks



Rayfield
I would like to say
this to your face, but every-
time I see you you're in the
car and don't even bother to
stop, and I'm afraid if you
did I ~~don't~~ wouldn't know
what to say anyway.

I think the best way to
say what I have to say is
straight out and ~~straight~~ ^{be}
forward. I ^{love} you.
I really like
you. I hope this doesn't
scare you. If you are at
all interested call me at
434-4108 anytime.

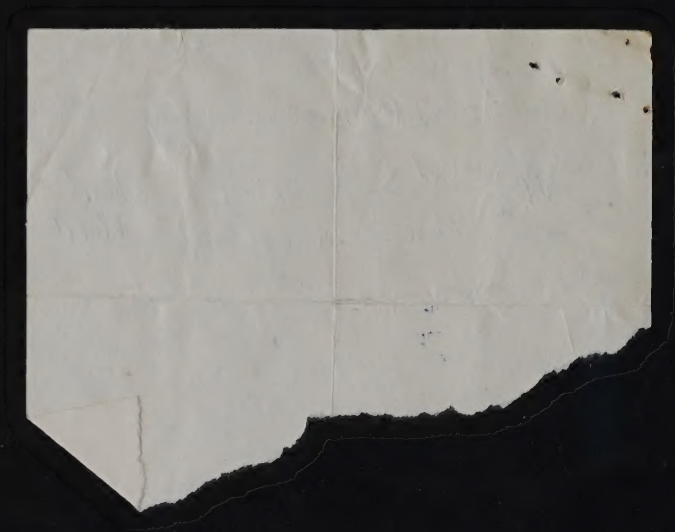
10 / 12 / 81.



Friday October 9, 1981

AHS Homecoming

Barryfield Licker, asked
about me. He also talked
to me for a w



Dear Rayfield, I don't know how
much you know about me, or how
much Nick has told you about me,
but I do know I like you, and I
do mean like you. I don't know if you
want or like me, but if you don't I'm
sure I can change your mind in some
small way, or whatever turns you on.
Life for me has been so dull, ~~until~~ ^{then} I
saw you at our homecoming game, and I
started to revitalize. The reason I am
calling you is so you'd notice me, but
when you asked me I couldn't tell you that,
so that's why I lied. I wish I was the
one in your car instead of Nick that
night. I don't know what you two did,
but whatever he can do for you I can do
twice as good. I fear you are leaving
the 7th of November, if so I hope
I will hear from you by then and
if possible see you. I'm sure there's
something I can do to make your leaving
here be a memorable day, and make you
want to hurry home for more.

So long
Anthony Carl Daniel

18-19-81

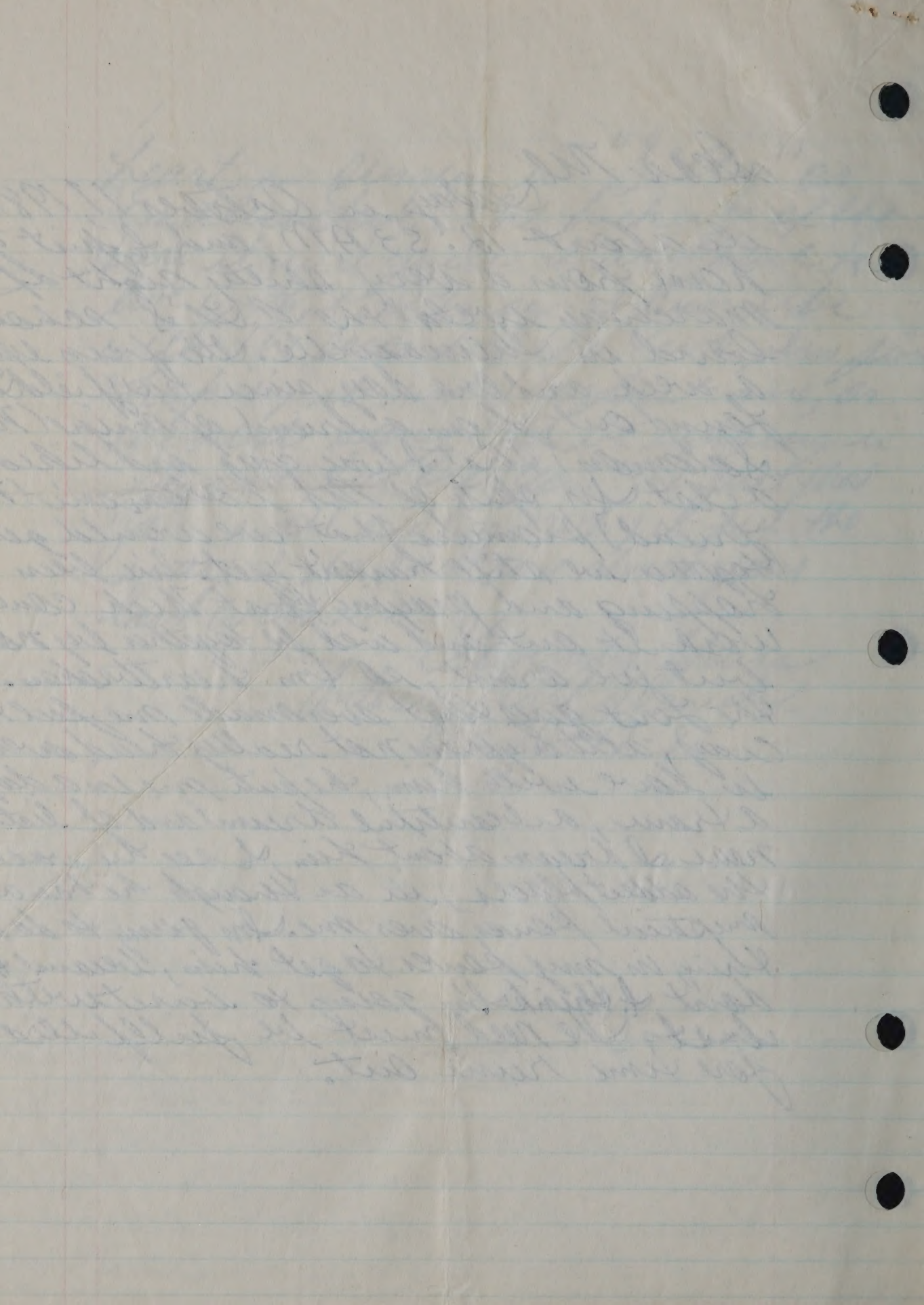
Dearest Rayfield,

Words cannot
yet ~~it~~ begin to express the sexual
attraction I feel for you. It seems
as though there aren't any words
to describe the way I feel about
you, or the way I feel when I'm
around you. You're something
and someone special to me. I don't
know or care if you don't feel the
same way about me right now,
because after we have made
love (not had sex), there will
be a great change on your feelings
toward me. If they are negative
now, they will no longer be, and
if they are positive they will only
grow stronger and stronger. I say
this because when I make love
with someone who's as special
to me as you are I give all
100% to make it a lasting, memorable,
exciting, new, and best experience,
that the person will ever have. In
this case the person is you. Rayfield
Thick. Damn your name sounds so
sweet. I don't know if the song may

heart is singing in "Silly" or
"Endless Love." Whichever of the
two it is I guess I will have to
live with it. I know I can live
with the second of the two, I'm just
hoping it isn't the first one, or
the next song I'll be singing is
"Gonna Get Over You"! I just that
you will realize why I feel the
way I do and come share your
love with me.

Lovingly Yours
Anthony Carl Stanich
10-12-81

Dear Mr. Today in October 11, 1981,
it's about 12:53 AM, and I just got
home from a very shitty night of
marching with the A.G.S. school
band in Thomasville. It's been exactly
a week and one day since Rayfield Thomas
found out from a friend of mine (Nick
Solomon) that I was gay and liked him
a lot. In spite of Mr. Solomon's (my
friend) promises that we would get
together we still haven't yet. I've been
hoping and praying that Nick could
work it out and we'd be together by now,
but we aren't, so I'm heartbroken. He
the first guy that ever made me feel this
way, although I'm not really head over heels
in love with him, he put me in a daze,
a trance, a beautiful dreamland of listless-
ness. I dream about him, I see his vacation
in the oddest places, it's as though he has a
mystical power over me. I'm going to do every-
thing in my power to get him, because I
don't I think I'm going to burst with
lust. The need must be fulfilled be-
fore time runs out.



10-12-81

Dear Me,

Yesterday I called Payfield and he answered the phone. He was talking so cool that it made me weak in the knees. I hung up the phone after I told him that I must have the wrong number, I'm pretty sure he knew it was me, but I just didn't know what to say. I really didn't realize how much I love him until today. I was sitting at my desk doing little odd things, when I said to myself I'm going to go mad if I don't see Payfield soon. I kept trying to do something to keep my mind off him, but it just didn't work. I love him so much, he's someone who I've had my eye on for so long that I don't know what to do. Either my love is so deep for him, or my infatuation so thick for him that I don't know what the hell to do when I see him. I hear his name, being spoken to me softly sometimes, in the middle of doing things, I dream about him, I just don't know what to do. I have to have him at least once. I want to feel the gentleness of his caress, the sweetness of his kiss, the warming of his hands fondling me, the warmth of his body close to mine, the depth of his member ~~(the)~~ ~~the~~ in me, just to

be with him, belong to him will
be enough personal satisfaction
to hold me until I can think of
some way, to love me as I love
him. I don't know if I'm going in
head over heels the wrong way for
him or not, but the way I see it now
I don't even care. All I want to do is be
with him, talk with him for a while, so
we can become friends if not lovers.
I think he is one person who can change
my life deeply, both mental, and
~~physical~~ physically as well as
emotionally. Tell me, anybody,
what I am I going to do without
this person, my someone special
Ruffield Thich. Anthony Carl Hanth

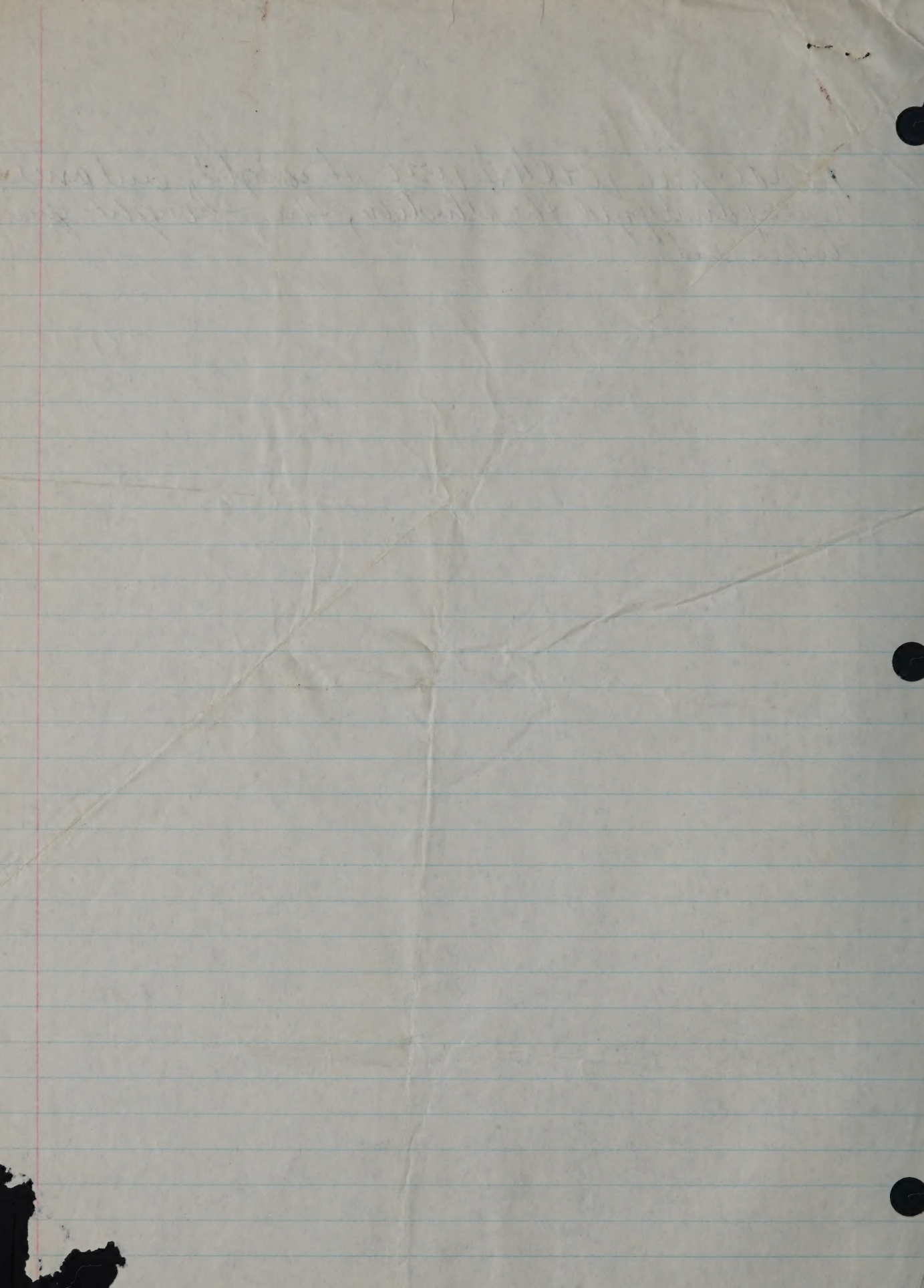
Dear Me,

Sept. 19, '82

Today is Sunday, and I spent half the day (9-1) in church. That was OK and all, but what I really want to dictate is my experience at ~~the~~ Morrell Homecoming game. Leroy and I went to Menlo Park Homecoming game + we took Brad. They played Westover + they won. There was a lot of violence in, and after the game, between the players + student from both schools. After the game we went to McDonalds with Jillie Hammond, Carla Danich + Arthur Johnson. I was very crowded and I saw lots of lovely people there. But the most astonishing thing that happened was at the dance at Morrell. Two queens I know that go to Morrell, Andrew Holloway, and Ronald Ling were each of some girls on the court. They were totally accepted, which isn't strange, because I'm sure that their friends don't know about them, and besides most children do get along well with fish. Leroy and I do at A.H.S. Their relationship seem to me at first to be a big front, but it's probably no worse than mine + George's. They get along well with a certain bunch of "straight guys", but it occurred to me that they're just like the same bunch of "straight guys" that hang around Roy + me. Terrified closet queens. They won't be themselves, because they know the ridicule, labels, names and all the other stuff that comes along with being gay. At first I looked at all the pretty girls they were hanging around with + some of the other guys I knew of.

Love Mrs

made me wish I was straight, but once I
really analysed the situation, this thought quickly
dispersed.



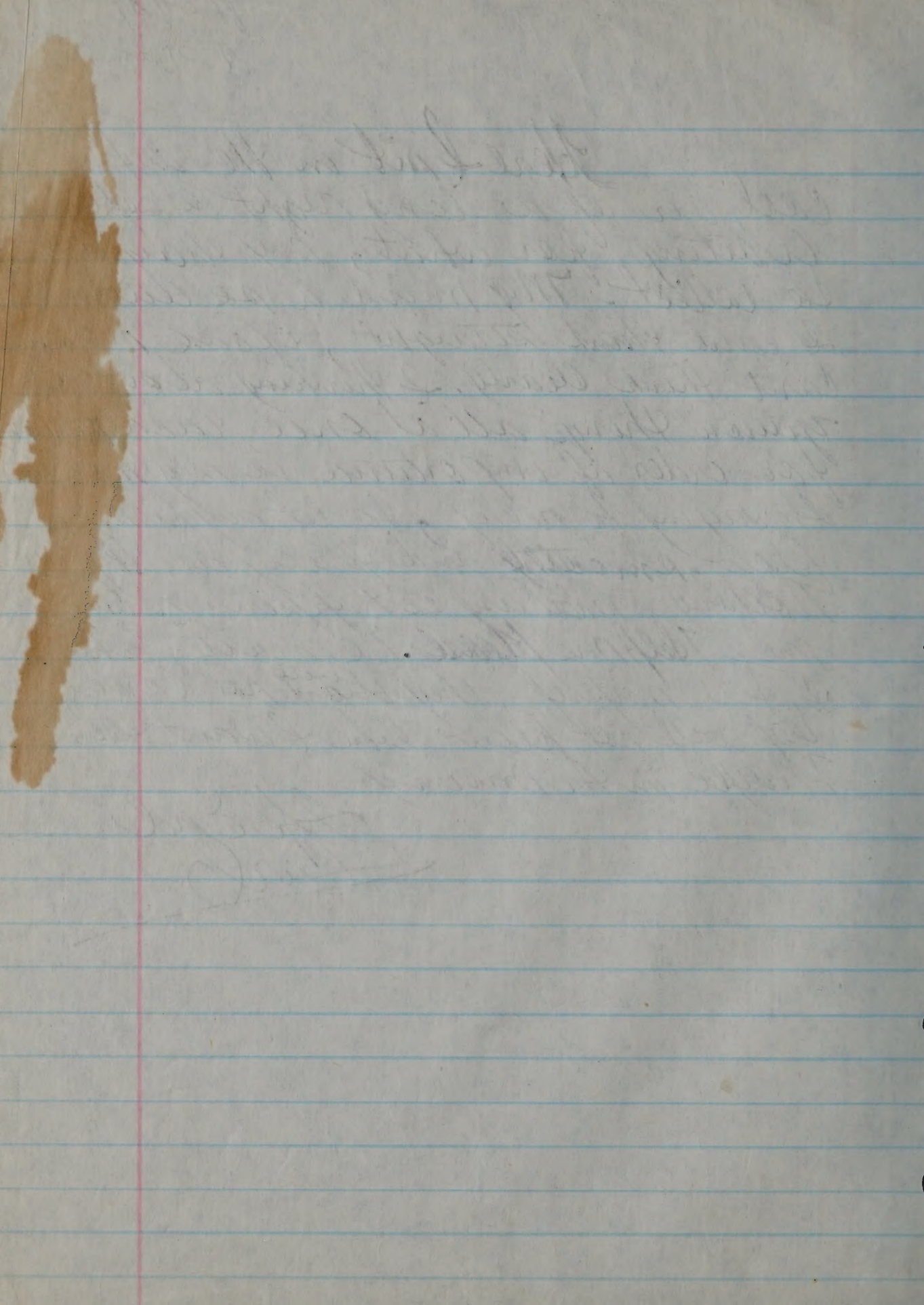
Dear Me,
About a wk 1/2 ago
a new dishwasher was hired at
El Chico's. He's quite a nice look-
ing guy. He has nice eyes, beautiful
brown-green eyes, sensuous lips, and
a gorgeous body. His name is
Eugenio Rodriguez Patella. From
the first day we saw each other, I think
we both could tell that there was something
in the way we looked at each other, there
was some magic in our eyes the whole
time. I got acquainted with him very
fast, and I could tell he was interested
in me as much as I was him. One day
after work he gave me a ride home.
Well nothing happened because he was
trying to play it off or our feelings off.
All he talked about was Fish, Fish, Fish.
I tried telling him that I was interested
in them, but he played that off as well.
The next day which was Sat. he quit his
job and I haven't seen him since. This was
a big let down to me, and it put a chip in my
heart, but I haven't given up on him yet,
because he makes me weak when I see him.

9/29/87

2:30am

Here I sit in the dry
cool air of a long night in September.
Waiting for what, my thoughts
I collect. My mind is so cluttered,
I can't think straight, excuse me, I
can't think clearly. I thinking about a
million things all at once, each fighting
for order of importance in my memory.
I'm trying to relax, to let my feelings
flow, ~~smoothly~~ and freely as they will.
Nothing, nothing is happening. Help
me. Help me please. No matter what
I tell myself, they ~~won't~~ ^{will} not come,
they will not flow like I want them.
Maybe in the morning.

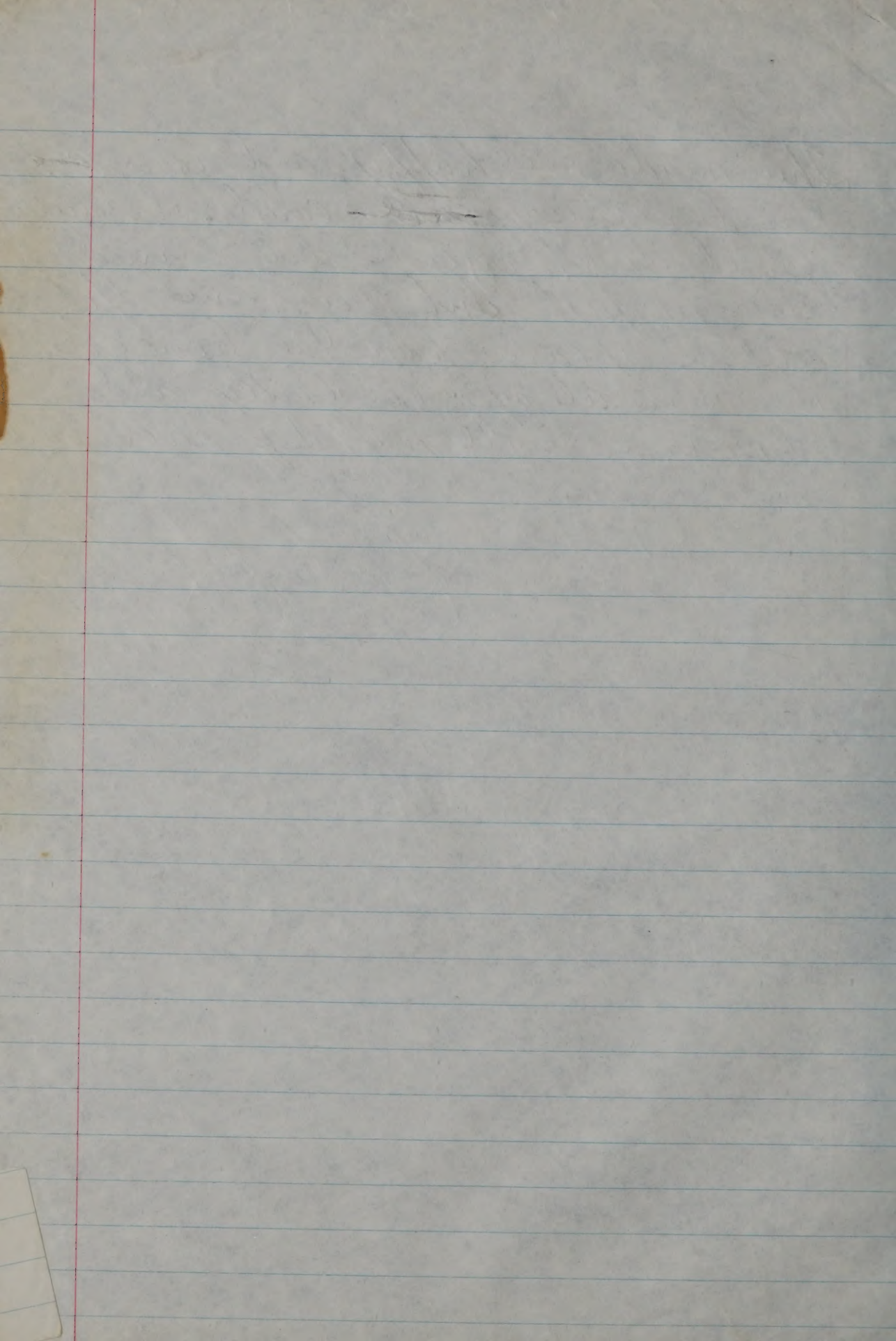
The End
Carl



Fear Me, When first I arrived
at my little abode in the city
I was relieved, but yet melancholy.
Things had changed, so much had
transpired since last I were here.
Nobody's life stopped because of
my ~~absence~~ presence. Everyone kept living
and learning and making a step
forward tomorrow. At first I was
cold with loneliness, sad, and
forgotten. There were invaders in the
house, who were devouring the ^{much} needed
affection that was once mine. I was
cast out into the damp mushiness of
the living room. Shut out and unheard
I sought refuge from ~~my~~ my surrogate
mother. As usually, in my time of
hunger for understanding, she fed
me with the ~~much~~ needed a listening ear.
Her advice I took, and solved the problem
readily. She helped me look through
the dust on the windowpane and see
reality. Looking beyond the walls of
my eyes and seeing their lives. The
words that had once been there were
gone and they were ~~that~~ content.

This made me happy, and now ~~of~~
the dust ~~disappeared~~ ^{is} cured. I have
gained two friends and earned
their respect, ~~and~~ they mine. Yet
still I yearn for the love of
one man, always, constantly, and
forever. Will my ship never sail
in.

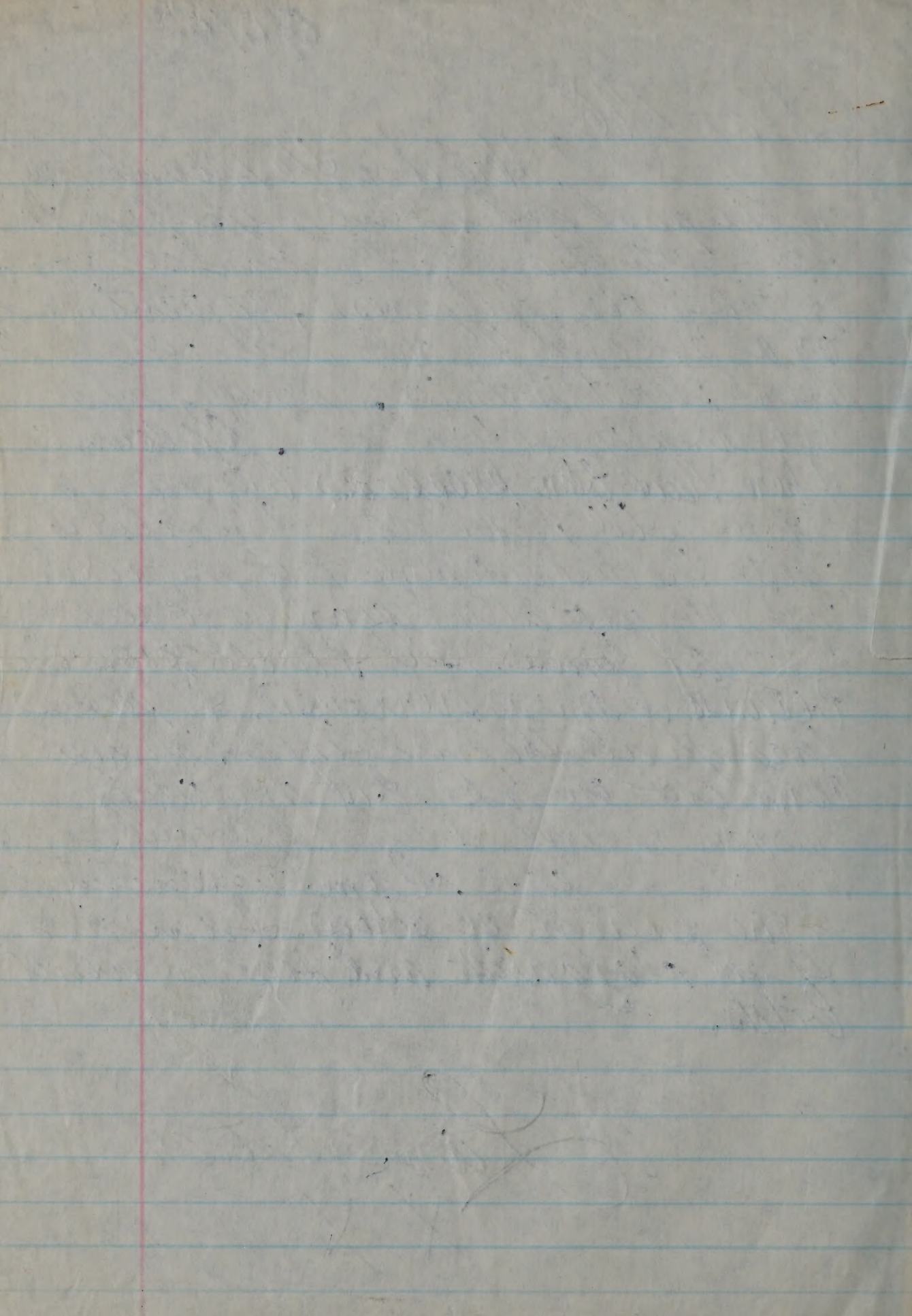
Anthony Carl James



8/8/83

Dear Me, Here it is the second wk. in August and I find myself in the same situation that I was last summer. Without sex, happiness, contentment, or a personal friend with whom to share secret intimacies, myself, and memories of my time here. Of course there have been prospects but none of which will make do. This along with the discontentment of me with my job is really beginning to get me down at times. But I will survive because I am a survivor. It seems through all the hard times I always come out on top, but my lips harden as well. I can cope but it turns me into an ogre. I am insensitive to the feelings of others. I am hard to get along with and just an overall bitch.

Lamentation
XX



"Quotes" 11

"My love to me was wonderful,
passing the love of women."

From Tim by Howard Overing Sturgis

"Love and Hate are horns on the
same goat."

"Can you not see that people are different,
totally different, from one another?"

"I think that we are all the same is
impossible; our Natures, our temperaments,
are utterly unlike." "But this is what
people will never see; they found all
their opinion on a wrong basis."

How can their deduction be just if
their ~~de~~ premises are wrong? One law
laid down by the majority, who happen
to be of one disposition, is only binding
on the minority legally, not morally.

What right have you or any one, to
tell me that such-and-such a thing is
sinful for me?

From The Priest and The Acolyte
by Oscar Wilde

"For me, with my nature, to have married, would have been sinful: it would have been a crime, a gross immorality, and my conscience would have revolted."

9/15/85

"A Warm December"

Dear Me, April 9, 87
In a state of total
discontentment caught between a
rock and a hard place.
Emotionally I'm now wound up
and confused. Trying harder
day after day to contain my
passions and just for love
and the enjoyment of the true
riches of life.

★ Daniel Proctor called to talk to me
tonight - couldn't talk - made
him promise to call me back
in 10 min. - dad was on the phone
never heard from him - he sounded
so upset or maybe worried. Know
he worried about him.

★ Can't find one of my journals

★ Just one job the other is giving me
an inferiority complex and headache.

Send One Your Love
Lonely, wretched, unworthy and
Send One Your Love
Willing I will be true glad to know you
Send One Your Love

Dear Ma,

2/86

Dear Ma, 2/1/86

I never thought I would be finding myself paying this but I have. My plans for my life was to get what I wanted out of ~~the~~ life without doing anything that I really didn't want to anymore. It seems as though I will have to put that aside for a while and abuse the system. Meaning I will have to give up a small part of my individuality, a very small part to get what I want. I may have to tone my militant voice for a minute or two more than I am accustomed to as well, but the outcome should be well worth it. I'm now 21 yrs. old and I'm not getting any younger. I think it's about time I paid some dues, I can't be young and wild all my life. Besides, I want my piece of the pie and I want it to be a huge chunk, not just a smitten.

Dear Meg,

2/1/86

I really feel like expressing myself tonight, so I'd better write while the feeling exists. I hate those nights when I sit here in this chair with me and nothing is felt. I can't seem to get to me, and I really want to. Each time I start to write nothing comes. That is one of the most frustrating feelings to me. I can only think that I'm going to lose you, the one thing I hold precious above all others. My mental stability. For without where would I be? In a world that only held meaning to me? A world where I could not give thanks to my Creator, for I may not even realize that I have one. I will always give thanks to God for all my blessings. Realizing that the way I serve him may be difficult for others to understand, but it's my way and I do serve him. I also serve a cause. A cause that I see because the Father blessed me with a mind to see that it is one that needs serving. My only wish in life is to meet as many people in my lifetime that will help me to realize a dream that

that I have. People who see the
reality in life and not those silly illusion
of what supposed life is. Those that
are forever climbing, searching for
the final jubilee. The final dance
of life where reality is all there is.
Every man woman and child is
appreciated for being the individual
there are. Not judged for the person
they are not. The day of jubilee may
first exist in your mind before it
becomes a reality. For everything that
you can dream with a discerning mind
can come true, but you alone have
the power. The power to make it come
to pass. Sometimes when I'm in
a state like this and my mind takes
control of the pen, I get a high like
no other. One no drug could ever give
me. An expansion the places I imagine
the times I see shed, such evil, such
goodness, so many lies, so many
truths. So much like now, then &
realize, I'm high on me, but I'm
here. I've traveled none.
Carl

Monday

2/3/86

Dear Me,

I had a very intense encounter with ~~that~~ ^{emotion} old as time. Yet its real power, and the many different ways it affects you were foreign to me. Or lets say I hadn't really realized before. Until last night. I had become rather bored with television for the night so I decided to sweat it out to some much wanted music I got this weekend. I locked myself in my room, threw my rug back, put on my dancing shoes and started to really shake. Then as I began to get higher and higher from the sight of my body, scantily dressed, shaking my ass, it hit me. I mean lit landed on my head like a ton of bricks. The longer and harder that I looked at myself in the mirror the more I liked what I saw and the hornier I got. I know I'm vain but not any more than the average person. But being alone, shutting back and seeing me do as I felt and not as others were doing was a total turn on.

The me that I was, was a very private me and the honesty was one that was to hot to resist. If I could have brought

my mirror self to life and within
my grasp; I think we would have
devoured each other. This whole incident
also brought to mind the lust that
exist when I'm somewhere and see a
guy I feel is very attractive and the
need I feel to tell him the way I feel.
Most times I feel that strangers
about a guy then he feels the same
way, whether straight or gay and it is felt.
Though it's not acted on it is almost
always felt. Some people react differently
than others. Some guys will become angry
at you for stirring up these emotions in
them, others will pretend that it isn't happening
and deny themselves, then others will see and
accept it for what it is, that mutual attraction
between males and go on with a smile.
I think I enjoy the best and many
different responses a lot more than I
do, fucking. At least I can see that
I'm appreciated and wanted and sometimes,
especially in these times that's a lot
more satisfying. Then of course, nothing
and I do say nothing can ever take
the place of male companionship to me.
Knowing that breathing black body

next to me just satisfied me so much. That need for male affection is a very strong one with me. I don't know if I'll ever be able to make ^{anyone} understand that about me, either that they think I'm no different than they are, or they think I'm crazy for telling them.

This year will be a challenge with most things I do. Reasons being circumstantial. I'm in Albany and living at home with my family. That in itself says a thousand things to me. I've already had to tone down considerably for them, but I think I could be a little bit more honest with them. Then on the other hand I think they already know that I will be me in spite of the environment I'm in. Yet I contend that I'm still not at a point in lieu to me where I'm comfortable with me. Maybe that's one of the things that keeps me from going one step farther. After all, I know that sometimes it is best to be a little conventional to get what we want in life. The offbeat is here to be used

to get over on. My attitude before has been I don't give a fuck if I'm broke and unemployed, I'm going to give em hell and still get what I want. Wrong, first make it, put yourself in a position where you've got yours and are comfortable and somewhat secure in what you do, then give it to them. Out of all of my experience last year with jobs and the workplace, unemployment officials and so on and so forth. My personal experience have been the most valuable and rewarding. Personal meaning those involving me and another person one on one. I have learned so much about people and me, our interaction, and why what happens; happens. I Love having friends, and I love being there for each other, but this year I want to learn to be by myself as much as possible. I think I would be surprised at what I'm able to learn, and the people I'm able to meet, just being alone when I go out or most places. I'm such an introvert when it comes to meeting people unless I'm interested, but then too shall pass.

My views of a Lover and our Life together are so very romantic and deep, almost unrealistic for life as I know it thus far. And so are my views of what life can be for mankind, but I will never let go of them, due to the reason that I believe that I am good at heart and do not wish many people ill will. I have a good heart and hold fast in my beliefs, so what if I'm a hopeless romantic? I will always remain true to the cause!

It's getting harder and harder as the days, then weeks increase to hold out. Yes, mother nature is becoming again. It would be very easy to satisfy the animalistic part of the act, but it's the holding, the caressing, the kissing the more gentle acts that take me over, till whence we meet again. And I think of all the guys that I would like to be with tonight and that I'm almost sure would like to be with me and I say what a waste. The waste is whatever reasons are keeping us apart.

Carl

Dear Me,

Feb. 7/86

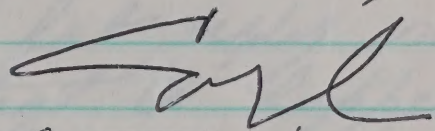
Today turned out to be a very nice day. I spent the early part of the day doing little odd and ends for mother, which always gives me a sense of usefulness since I am unemployed. She's really a true gem if ever there was one. That is not the reason I am confiding in you tonight. I have something heavy on me tonight, and I need to express it to be free of it for awhile. Trust is one of the hardest things to gain between two people. Unfortunately it's something I tend to let go of ~~fast~~ a lot faster than most people. This sometimes leads to me being betrayed and even used, but the Lord always helps me open my eyes before it gets to late. When people take good character and try and use it against you the Lord will always take care of you. I have recently learned some things about someone I consider to be a friend that lead me to believe that he is not as trustworthy as I thought. For reasons I don't quite know. I don't think

it's anything simple either. I think it's something very deep that I need to examine. At this point I love James and don't want to lose his friendship, but I don't want to always have to watch what I say and do around him. For fear of him using it for personal gain and my misery. People have been coming to me and telling me that that and the other and the truth is a chameleon. I'm not sure who to believe. I will have to follow my heart and let my mind rest on that one. Somehow I feel like I know the whole truth behind this whole thing, but it's like there's a shadow over it and my eyes don't quite focus on it sometimes. I think that maybe I'm asking a little too much, but not enough. It seems as if though it's a lot harder for people to be as honest and trustworthy with me as I am with them. But I'm determined to resolve this with him.

Even if it means losing his friendship, which I don't really want. I'm so afraid that the reality of the whole situation might be one that pushes the hell out of the both of us. And I don't even know

if I can face that myself. I have never met anyone quite similar to Subla in all my life. He is indeed worthy.

Lately I have found that my powers of perception tend to be doing more than their share. Reality - Life as it is and not as it is imagined - is becoming more and more a part of me. So many of us never get to really grasp it. But it is a constant companion of mine lately. This pleases me and terrifies me simultaneously. The feeling can't be explained any other way. Now I know why our mental institutions are never low on patients.



P. S. I need something for the head.

Dear Mel, Feb 7/86
Somehow I have managed
to slip into a very heavy state of melan-
choly just as the night is getting ready
to meet a new day. Tonight I would
Feb 8. /86

I just needed to get out and
live a little, and that's exactly what
I did.

Feb 11/86

Jim is making me a prisoner.
Why? When you set dates and don't
make them that's what happens. I
see a me coming into being that
was once, that I don't want to live
again. A lonely, fat, ugly me. I
will not allow that to happen, not
now, not ever. I've come too far
to turn back. I must keep my
sense of determination about me.

My Father,

Feb 14, 86

It took me this long to find out who it was I was confiding in. Sure I feel better after I've written my deepest emotions down, but when I do this, I am actually talking to someone who will never ever forsake me, never turn a deaf ear to me. But listen and hear me confess my emotion and provide me with the strength I need to continue on in this thing called Life. None other than the Father. God always hears my cry. I know that he realizes that I am his child, and my heart is basically good. It's a struggle Jesus and oh I need thee, take my hand Jesus, lead me on to greener pastures. Restore my soul, help me, be with me in that hour, and Father when the time is right, use me, use me Jesus, do with me what you will. I know that I want to be worthy Father, be with always, for if I lose you Jesus all is lost, without you, I am nothing.

^{dear}
A ~~boy~~ for a friend

My body yearns for the touch
My soul cries out in agony
My mind carries me to a place
where I can cope with being
without you.

How long can I last without
really knowing you.

Will you always be out of my
grasp?

Come this way, one day, one day
soon.

Dear Father,

Feb, 20, 86

And I know you are there, that's something no man can lie to me about and make me believe. Your existence is so real, so real to me now. You know how you've proved it to me through the years Father. And Father I know you feel my heart and its contents. But I have so many questions and I know the answers, but Father I am weary, just give me strength for I am weak.

Carl

Dear Father,

Feb 26, 86

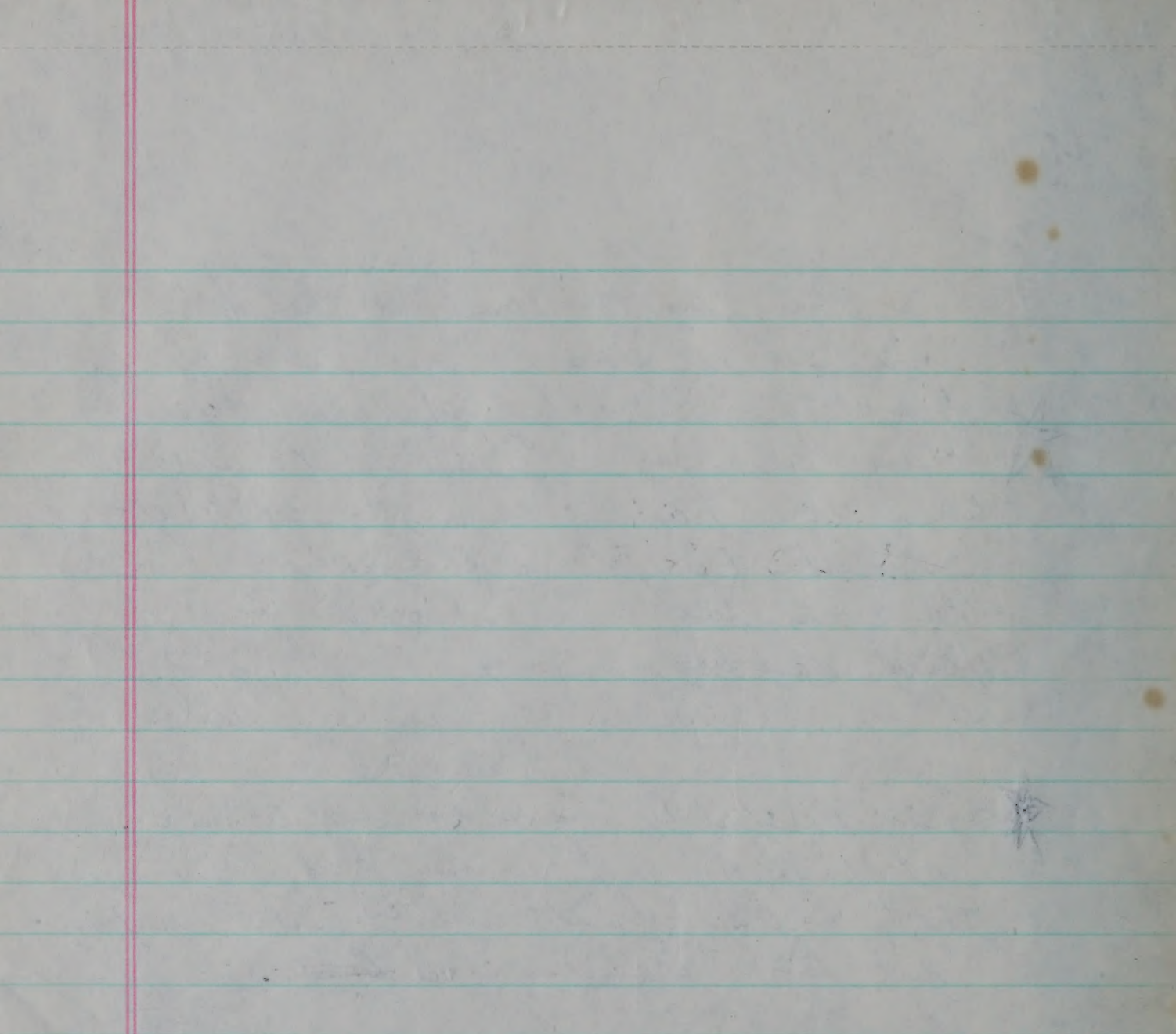
Well, you've showed me that so long as I am on this earth nothing will be easy. If there is something that I want, it will be up to me to make sure I get it. Be it material things, a job, a friend, lover, or even salvation. We have the power, but the road is never easy. Sometimes I wonder if I will ever learn enough to save myself the little pains that hurt so deeply. I have grown so weary just writing this. Carl

4

March 3/1976

★ I will give to you all that I have inside. I'll let you see my soul if it will ease your fear. Whenever you're feeling down, I'll help you look up. I'll show you how to laugh when you feel like crying, and run when your toes weak to crawl. Why, because you'd do the same for me. Carl

★ You probably think I'm a dreamer. Well I am. Dreams are the things that bring about reality. When you fail to dream, you ~~are~~ ^{die}. Anthony



Here I sit, stranded between a pathetic
plea for understanding ~~from~~ ^{from} a wounded ego,
and my ~~attempt~~ attempt to hold on to something
meaningful

March 5, 1986

Dear Herie,

I don't know if you'll
ever learn to trust in me, but if only
I knew of one thing I could do to prove
to you how much I care for you I would.
I care for you very much and I want
so much to Love you. That is something
that we will get to in time. You do
things to me in a conversation that
no one else I've ever meet has.
It's like when I leave you after a
night of sitting around getting high
or drinking a few brews and talking
I'm satisfied. We could have been to
bed together and discovered our wildest
fantasies, that's just how content I am.
Boy you stimulate me in a way that
leaves me so full inside I could
burst. Please stop fighting the feeling
and just let go. You can't protect
yourself from everything, some
things you have to experience

know all of the things to look out
for. All my life I've searched for
a special someone to give all my
Love to, that someone could very
well be you. I think we at least
have a chance at Love. Don't you.
Just open up your heart and
let me in. I can't promise that we
will always be together, for there are
no guarantees in Life. I do think
we at least owe it to ourselves to
try. If it hurts no, no it must mean
something.

Carl

Mar 26 86

Since I met Harvey I've changed. He has made me realize so many things about life and Loving. He didn't do them intentionally, just being himself made me open my eyes. When you meet someone you find interesting and worth knowing, you do just that. You get to know them. If you're used to moving fast slow down. Be things together that let you find out things about each other. Hang out together, find out as much as you can about each other through observation. Don't rush into bed together, wait for the right time. While I realize that I could see me with Harvey in an enduring relationship, I also see me wanting to experience things without him.

4/9/86

So tired ~~in~~ my spirit
Yet my soul never weakens
So hungry my determination
Yet my will has not the patience
So naive the boy
Yet ~~the~~ my maturity astounds most

Dear Lord, Father, if ever I have
come to you realizing how helpless
we are without you it is now. Father,
I know you have always been there.
You may not have always let things
turn out in good for me, but they
were always for the best. And Father,
I know we cannot get through life on
~~earth~~ without giving you the praise
you deserve. Father, lately more than
ever I realize that unless I wake up
and realize that you are truly worth
to be praised, I am lost. Father I have
never really seen how your power
works. It works through the family,
through Love and the interaction
with our fellow man every day
of our lives. Father, my family like
most families need each other. But
we are so far away from each
other. We need you Jesus, we need
you every hour we need you. Please
Father, I come to you worthier, stink
with the stench of sin begging Jesus
to come to us one and all and give
us something to wake us. Make us speak
in one accord.

Unwritten Prayer March 10, 84

I haven't heard from Herbie in a wk.
now. I've tried calling him at his
Dixon house here in Albany, but he's
never there. He was supposed to have
gone home this weekend past and be
in Albany the latter part of the wk. He
never got back and I haven't seen or
heard from him since. I really miss him,
and for some strange reason I feel
like I've lost him. We were doing so well,
and I was getting to a point where I could
see things really happening for us.
Where's he? I wanted to love him so
badly.

On Getting Hot - one hot day ^{April May 86}
As the temperature climbs daily
so do I.
The hotter it is outside, the more
intense my nature becomes.

May 86
It doesn't seem to bother me
now, not as much as it has in
the past. There was a time when most
everything revolved around it. It took
being hurt one time too often to realize
that when one himself expect no less in
return. Having bared my heart to the
desires of gluttonous ones, my eyes were
suddenly open to a world not seen by eyes
~~but the~~ blurred with the effect of hurt for
the physical body. Slowly, I saw how beautiful
a world where nothing but the need to give
and receive Love is to live in, and how
far from reality that world is to reach.
It's a place you have achieve in state
of mind before you can make it real.
Give in only to that need when it is fed
by someone seeking the same, never, try hard, not to
~~be~~ confuse it with the carnal feelings
~~of~~ the flesh.

5/12/86

If ever I give U me, Ill expect you.

X If U are not comfortable enough to give me U, then say so

It may not mean goodbye, it may not mean hello for long.

That will be a chance we both will take. If it were not, we'd be in paradise, which is only a place we can get to together.

5/12/86

I often think of him now and again, the little boy playing alone down by the stream. Remembering well, the way he liked to drop petals from the daisy that grew near in the waters and watch them flow ~~down~~^{up} stream. Funny, there was so much going on that summer and yet I remember him above all other things. Not so much the boy, but ~~this~~ sense of being, if he had not been there, the water would have been noisy, the flowers an acquisition to the hay fever common here at this time of year, his absence would have been a natural unbalance.

I remember him that summer well, and the three summers after

Then I remember being there in the winter of 69, 10 years after that first summer, and when passing by, I saw that little boy.

Dear Father,

4/3/86

Your greatest creation never seem to stop amazing me, but the one thing I enjoy most is the outdoors. The air and wind, the flowers and the trees, the sky, the moon and all those wonderful things that make our world beautiful. When I get disappointed, angered or just tired with mankind. I like to be alone. Outside with wind on my face, smelling the different fragrances of nature. It helps when no man except me is there, and I can feel my body's many different reactions with those things around me other than man. I feel like I might really be free from all responsibilities and obligations. Knowing we never escape them until death. But it helps, even if it's just for a few minutes. The time I spend doing this of our avenue to me difficult to reach. I'm like a baby with bright new toys.

Carl James

Dear Me,

4/6/86

The feeling that exist is very different. Trying to recall ever having encountered it before. I don't think so, but who the hell knows?

All concern for most things has departed. If it happens it happens if it doesn't, hell I can deal with that too. Just too much life I guess.

Anthony Carl Samuel

Always cry for Love never for pain

Dear Mr. & Mrs. [unclear]

I am very sorry to hear of the death of your son. I hope you will find some comfort in the thought that he is now at rest. I am sure he will be remembered by all who loved him. I am very sorry to hear of the death of your son. I hope you will find some comfort in the thought that he is now at rest. I am sure he will be remembered by all who loved him.

Yours very truly,
[unclear]

I am very sorry to hear of the death of your son. I hope you will find some comfort in the thought that he is now at rest. I am sure he will be remembered by all who loved him.

BEN HOLLWAY
(rick)

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